
THE
MONTHLY VISITOR.

MARCH, 1797.

THE HON. THOMAS ERSKINE.

CONTEMPORARY Biography, till within the lapse of a very few years, has not been held in sufficient estimation. Since, however, the practice of exhibiting the characters of existing individuals has prevailed, its value has been generally acknowledged.—Adulation may varnish over the vices, and calumny may distort the virtues of celebrated persons; but adulation will sicken in its birth, and calumny will scarcely be felt beyond the moment in which its venom respired; while the merits of impartial, though temporary biography, will benefit successive ages.—Often is the historian, from the rude sketches of the day, enabled to form that estimate of celebrated characters, which the partiality of friendship would have fondly concealed. Not that he gives an ear to every idle tale to be found in such reports. But there are some predominant follies, or some uncouth singularities, in almost every human being who has figured on the theatre of the world, which partiality is unwilling to pourtray; though an undisguised developement of these very follies and singularities forms the excellency of biographical narration. We are also, by this medium, presented with the different views in which different times have contemplated the same abilities; and this, to the philosophical mind, is no uninteresting spectacle. The celebration of living personages has another effect of con-

VOL. I.

R

siderable

siderable import. Men of genius, when assured that their actions and pursuits are subject to the immediate cognizance of a just and moral scrutiny, must be concerned that the reputation of their talents should not be established at the expence of their rectitude. They will know, that their splendour as geniuses, may be lost in their depravity as men,

With the leading circumstances of Mr. Erskine's life, the public are already so well acquainted, that it is not requisite to enumerate them again. To all young men of ability and diligence, he is an eminent example of what those qualities may effect.—In sketching the outlines of the character of Mr. Erskine, it will not be improper to remark on the nature and influence of oratory.

Whenever the properties of speech became subject to human controul, there can be little doubt that they were employed to the purposes of persuasion. The songs of the primitive bards are stamped with the features of eloquence. By recounting the valour of departed heroes, they exhorted to an emulation of their deeds. Thus, in the form of poetry, they contain the first principles of oratory, or persuasion. As language became more copious and artificial, oratory and poetry were separated. The experience and history of men, the discoveries of art and science, presented a wider field for human investigation, and terms incompatible with poesy: eloquence asserted the grand interests of mankind, by appealing to their understandings; and poesy, through the music of passion, imperceptibly convinced the heart. It should appear, from this hasty review, that the true orator must be a poet. But art, which divided the business of the orator from that of the poet, seems, in these latter ages, to have made orators independent of poetry. Art can do much, and it is this which has given rise to the question respecting original genius.

We

We are likewise convinced, that the influence of oratory, in a state of civilization, is extensive and momentous. This persuasion it is which germinates in the breast of the scientific youth the desire of eloquential excellence. A persuasion strengthened by the perception—that the paths of eloquence are the paths of fame and emolument.

When an exalted original appears, numerous are the satellites who sport within the warmth of his beams. Erskine is a great orator, but all men cannot be Erskine's. He is a graceful orator, but all men are not formed to gracefulness. Why then will men, gifted with powers which nature formed original, absorb themselves in the spirit of imitation? Erskine had original powers, and he has acted originally.

Forensic eloquence has been much perfected within the memory of the present generation. There has been, there are, in our civil courts, men of distinguished speech. But till the subject of this sketch had arisen in the hemisphere of jurisprudence, it glowed not with the emanations of an Erskine.

If a heart fraught with the finest sensibility, a spirit formed for virtuous indignation, a mind alive to the best distinctions of moral rectitude, and determined in its opposition to depravity;—if a voice modulated to every expression of the human soul, a countenance interesting and impressive, and an attitude pleasing and commanding:—if such be the constituents of eloquence, then is Erskine among the first of orators

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. II.]

“ A great genius can effect any thing.”

CHATTERTON.

TO those who are not accustomed to the contemplation of human depravity, few things can be more afflicting than a view of vitiated genius. Men

ungifted with superior capacities—rather, men of mean conceptions, whatever the villainy of their actions might incur, escape the detestation of others when compared with the unprincipled philosopher.

That there is such a quality as genius, and different gradations of that quality, however casuists may dispute the contrary, has ever been admitted by the most eminent of our race. Granting then the existence of genius, let us enquire, whether it be adequate to those effects which Chatterton has attributed to it? Here it may be well to say something of genius itself.

Perhaps no disquisitions have more agitated the philosophic world than those concerning the properties of genius. Reasoners, (too often wranglers,) of every description, in love with their own marvellous discoveries, venture any thing to maintain their positions, however false & superficial. They cannot, or they *will* not, be erroneous. It is this disposition which has generated so many unhappy dissensions in the circle of letters; given rise to half the contentions of private, and much of the disasters of public life. We must cease to wonder then, that genius has been so oppositely defined; and if we are in any degree astonished, it will be—that truth should ever have been seen, amid so many attempts to conceal it.

Suppose a man whose every passion is transcendently strong—Whatever he pursues, he pursues unremittingly; whatever be his object, he encounters every difficulty that warps his purpose, and encounters it with an ardour which stops at nothing less than conquest. He is alternately swayed by virtue and by vice, and he will be impelled by each, as truth shall have illumined his course. Such a man is a genius. And this character, according to the maxims he has imbibed, will benefit or scourge society! What is genius but an individual energy superior to millions of its cotemporaries? and what the man whose actions wear the resolve of immortality, but a genius? How does this, it may be objected,

objected, agree with that sentiment so finely expressed by Gray—

“ Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.”

Possessing such talents, why has genius remained unknown? The reply treads on the enquiry. Education has ever been considered as the framer of man; and it is now confessed that genius has no original bent: these, never formed by information to the path of true excellence, could therefore never attain the summit to which it conducts. Yet were they not wanting in distinguishing features. From the same class as it respected their station in the community, they were easily to be remarked. Those who will not, either from disgust or indolence, examine for themselves, must live in ignorance of their fellow creatures. They may go over the beaten tracks of philosophy, investigate anew the principles which it has attributed to human nature, and terminate that investigation by adding a few fanciful revelations to those with which their masters are already encumbered: but, if they look not without “the spectacles of books” into that informing volume the world, they can never understand the motives that actuate its subjects. There it is we must seek the confirmation of our conjectures on genius.

Enter an assembly of the illiterate, and mark their discussions. Congregated men are never without a leader. Among their disputes, some are ever more eminent than others; and one still supercedes the rest, though seldom elevated by the dint of authority. His conversation only procures him notice. Is a remark on some recent transaction started, or does the intelligence of a newspaper occupy attention, you will perceive the deference which is paid to his opinion. His readiness in narrative entertainment, and his smartness on passing

R 3

occurrences,

occurrences, have procured him this unanimous fame : he is the genius of his little abode. Directed to the arts or the sciences, he had risen above common competition : wanting that direction, he has lived a comparative *nothing*. So important is mental cultivation. Such persons, however, if they do not improve, cannot be said to injure society.

Let us view them in altered circumstances.

With the native fire of genius, invest the same character with all the discoveries of science, verse him in the history of his race, and thus, giving his understanding full play, by enabling it to cherish or to blast the happiness of men, let us note the exertions of his ambition. He is now calculated for a daring sublimity : he may be immortal in virtue, or in vice. Think you his portrait unnatural ? The long galleries of history, sacred and profane, are crowded with similar exhibitions.

Complying with the general verdict of logicians, I shall not offend my reader with the ridiculed notion of *innate ideas* ; hoping, nevertheless, that he will permit me to contend for what may be termed innate sense ; and attach this *sense* as the persuasion of the existence of Deity. Unless this sense of Deity (which I believe to be inhaled with the breath of life) affects alike the Savage and the Christian, man, in a natural state, is destitute of moral guidance. We are not led to this melancholy conviction. Heightened or blunted by the influence of custom, men, in some essential feelings, appear to differ : but, in the leading principles of strict justice they are scarcely dissonant. All have the conviction of the power of God, though they differ in their acknowledgments of his providence ; and all have the conviction of immortality, though different in their ideas of it. Consequently, genius must share in these convictions.

But, has a genius the ability, by assuming the grand features of virtue, while *really vicious* in himself, to induce

induce the world not only to remark the fervour of his piety, but to place that piety to the influence of Divine Inspiration? Examples are not wanting of viriated men who have been accredited for their extraordinary rectitude. Balaam stands on the record of revelation an inexplicable mixture of prophecy and baseness. In later times the Christian Church has been despoiled by so many "wolves in sheep's clothing," that hypocrisy in the professors of religion, is become a proverbial taunt in the mouth of infidelity. Such men cannot be esteemed as Christians. All are not, but a few of them have been men of genius. Men whose quick understandings and vigorous imaginations fitted them for the fervour of *assumed holiness*. They shone for awhile as new constellations in the horizon of Christianity:—Alas! they were erratic meteors. They misled numbers who followed them with the purest intentions; and confounded thousands who were fixed in the same belief! Could such characters be morally sincere? They might be geniuses. It appearing that the genius is a participant in the innate sense of deity and immorality—warmer in him, from the uncommon strength of his intellectual powers; and that persons have existed, famed for their extensive sanctity, though destitute of virtuous principle;—the inference arises—that such men may feign the most exalted of characters, to the injury of our dearest interests.

A few remarks attach to this inference.

Let not those who disbelieve the page of revelation exult in this statement. They may turn it to the injury of truth; we perceive a different conclusion. One fact here merits attention. The writers of the prophecies were men of piety and reputation. Their lives evinced their calling. They adorned the doctrines which they taught; and differ in these respects, as well as in others, from the numberless pretenders to inspiration. Prophecy, as delivered by them, is proved to be no idle and cunningly devised fable. Experience may do much: aided
by

by an acquaintance with history, it may predict the probable result of any system of politics. But such experience cannot be paralleled with the prophetic writings. They apply to all countries and all times. The effects which they delineate have long affected, and still affect our race: hence they rank of the first magnitude in the grand scale of Christianity.

The uses to be drawn from this estimate of the properties of genius are obvious and important. If the man of genius, by the application of his talents, may either prosper or injure his fellow-mortals, is it not incumbent on those whom genius prompts to enterprize, to consider the consequences which their pursuits may produce? Certainly—they are accountable to the world for the mode in which they have exerted the influence of their abilities. Our Creator and our country demand the best services we are enabled to perform: true ambition should urge us to the performance of those services; but dissipation and indolence, vice and error, benumb or pervert the faculties of the soul. Yet there may be a day when our Creator will enforce the eluded indignation of our country.

C.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

A TALE.

(Concluded from page 119).

MRS. De Cleves looked thoughtful. "Upon my word, mother," said the interesting Euphemia, "I don't know what to think of the conference that has passed between you and Mr. Acid."—"Nor do I, Euphemia."—"Why, surely, he has not proposed a marriage with my mother!"—"No, my dear (smiling) he has not indeed: but (seriously) I don't know what to think of the conference. Tell me your opinion of Mr. Acid."—"My opinion is very short, my dear mother.

ther. I think that he has many excellencies, with some singularities."—"You think no more, then, Euphemia?"—"Surely not: why do you ask me this?"—"I have no reason to ask you, my daughter: it was only a question *of course*."—"I cannot see *that*, my dear mother."—Here the conversation was interrupted by a note. "Shall I read it?" said Euphemia.—"It is from Mr. Acid," said her mother; "you shall hear it:"—

" TO MRS. DE CLEVES.

" Dear Madam,

" Finding the state of my mind to be such, that I cannot personally continue my narrative this evening, permit me to give it you in this form. Acquainted as you are with the happy intimacy which I have so long been admitted to in your family, perhaps you will be less surprized at this relation of my feelings. The charming gaiety of Miss De Cleves, first taught me the value of life; a value which, every day that I have been honoured with her society, has risen in my estimation. I am highly sensible of her attentions—they have engraven in my heart a void which she only can fill.

" My fortune, I hope, is such as she will not disdain. *With* her, it will be ample indeed: *without* her, it will avail me nothing!

" CHARLES ACID."

" Now," said Mrs. De Cleves, had I not reason for a late question? On your part, pre-engaged, I was assured that no disappointment could occur; but I never thought thus of Mr. Acid. And he has convinced me this morning how well-grounded my reflections were. Euphemia! you have inflicted misery where you meant to create joy!"—"My beloved guardian!" said Euphemia, a little recovered, "I acknowledge, I repent my misconduct: and I will act with a suitable candour." Saying this, she dispatched a servant to Mr. Acid's

Acid's, entreating that gentleman to favour them with his company as first agreed. He obeyed the summons.

During tea-time, little passed except the common desultory talk ; as soon, however, as this refreshment was over, Euphemia spoke to the following effect :—" You cannot, sir, be ignorant of the nature of this visit, which, but for my rashness, had never taken place. My mother has just given me some notice of your life, with which I was before unacquainted ; and she has also saved me some concern, by representing to you the motives which have guided my actions as they respect Mr. Acid. The vanity of a thoughtless girl must be my only apology to you."—" An apology," interrupted Acid, " which you shall *never* make !"—" Sir," continued Euphemia, " this is another proof, to the many I have often witnessed, of your merits and goodness. The honour you have intended me in the alliance you proposed to my mother, claims my grateful respect. But it is an honour that I could neither have expected nor accepted. My heart, sir, is not my own : it is inviolably attached to a dear friend of our family. My friendship, sir—if, after such a conduct, you can think it worthy of your acceptance—my best friendship, is your's. 'Tis all the atonement I can make for my errors ; and a poor atonement it is, since you have long engrossed my esteem !—We shall ever be happy to see you !"—" Sincerely happy," added Mrs. De Cleves.—" Admirable, too admirable girl !—Generous woman, I—I—I thank you," was all he could, and *more* than he could well say, while he left the house, and retired to his own closet.

Left it should be thought that Euphemia's attention to Mr. Acid did not arise from the benevolent wish we attributed to it, it is time to state, that she had long since yielded her heart to the virtues of Henry Cavendish, the son of an excellent friend to the De Cleves' family ; but as Henry—being at the University—had not visited Euphemia during her acquaintance with
Mr.

Mr. Acid, the latter had never heard of this concession. In the ensuing spring, however, Cavendish claimed the hand of his long-loved Euphemia.

The reader has so long been unvisited by the *philosopher* Acid, that perhaps he will never expect to hear of that character. If so, he will certainly be disappointed. Ever since the dreaded *eclaircissement*, Acid had been less constant in his calls at Mrs. De Cleves's; and when he was assured of the marriage of Euphemia, no consideration could allure him to the house of her mother. Love had varnished the rust of singularity; love had "taught him the value of life;" and the sweets of that love, converted to bitterness, were not to be endured. To blunt the edge of disappointment, he had recourse to his old life; when, with the again necessitated rage for books in abstruse science, the singularities of his youth returned. He has for some years lived without any female attendant: for, on the termination of his hopes respecting Euphemia, he took such a rooted antipathy to her whole sex, that he even dismissed poor Margaret.

Reader, thou mayst be inclined to *pity* this Philosopher: *so* should I—had not his disgust lately prompted him to attack, in a bitter but subtle invective, the very laws and foundations of society: and he is now preparing—without looking beyond his garret—an "Estimate of the present State of the Morals and Manners of Mankind!"

Q.

A MORAL SKETCH.

BY PHILIP ST. LEGER, ESQ.

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravidâ sagittis,
Fusce pharetrâ.

"**I**N taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy: for it is a princely thing to pardon; and
Solomon

Solomon says, 'tis the glory of a man to pass over a transgression."

I have often perused the above observation of Lord Verulam's, and wondered within myself how so evident a truth should fail of making its proper impressions upon all good minds: yet so it is, that many men, who otherwise evince themselves to be in the possession of every manly virtue, appear to be completely void of this emanation of mercy. They think that it would dreadfully derogate from their dignity as men; and be an unpardonable outrage against self-gratification, should they omit taking every vengeance on the being who hath injured them. I have seen and heard of instances of this kind, which are too shocking to repeat.

I even knew a man who passed among his acquaintance as a very well-meaning, agreeable fellow, who, having been offended one day by one of his companions, turned his back, and taking out his pocket-book, marked down the injury, with the date of the month, saying,—"That he wished not to forget the affront, as he hoped at some period, however distant, to have it in his power to resent it."

Specious as this man might appear, I sincerely believe he was a very great rascal; and I would rather have embraced a man, after his having immediately sheathed his sword in the breast of the offender, than I could have endured this wretch, who could coolly register an error, that he might remember to revenge it when years had worn it from every memory but his own.

I hesitate not to believe such a mean sacrifice to self-love in beings of narrower capacities, and still narrower hearts; but I am astonished past utterance, when I see that passion ruling the actions of the otherwise generous and noble. When I hear men of an exalted stamp step forward as the champions of revenge, I am lost in wonder; and so totally repugnant doth it appear to what must

must be the innate principles of their minds, that I can hardly credit the evidence of my senses.

I have the acquaintance of a young man, who, with a soul whose inflexible integrity is not to be shaken by the rudest bursts of violence, nor even swerved by the more dangerous powers of persuasion, possesses the gentlest disposition, and the most pitying heart: he is adorned with every virtue, without pretending to any; and avows with avidity the harbouring a fault that never approached his bosom. I have hearkened to him for hours, expatiating on the necessity of resenting injuries, on the transport of taking revenge! I have seen him in situations, wherein, had he been possessed in the smallest proportion by the principles which he promulgated, they certainly would have been brought into action: I have listened with sickening dread to hear some speech, to see some deed, that was to sanction his assertions, and lessen him in my esteem: but in all these conflicts, I have beheld the noble generosity of his nature triumph over his favourite opinion; I have seen him rise to a height that hath swelled every exulting artery in my breast, when perhaps he himself thought that he was sinking into weakness by the rapidity of his yielding. Had this young man ever committed an error against any one that demanded forgiveness, and had he ever experienced the agonizing bliss of receiving that forgiveness, how soon would he abandon these ideas which he now fosters with so much care.

I must so far give into the spirit of taking satisfaction for an insult of magnitude, when the person is indifferent to your affections, that I would approve your utmost exertions for an opportunity of revenge; but at the moment when you shew the threatening vengeance, you should disdain to put in execution the means so long sought. Is it a friend who offends? you ought to abhor the idea of injuring a hair of his head: and did that friend appear in the smallest degree convicted of

his error, your ready forgiveness should be given quicker than his regret.

Indeed, were you revengeful, this would be the most refined method of taking vengeance ; for no sensations can be so acute, so stabbing to a feeling mind, as the endearments of one whom you have wronged in the slightest manner : it raises the injured party to such an elevation, and sinks you so low in your own opinion, that you feel your own debasement so racking, that you had rather have received his poniard into your heart. Injury for injury levels you to an equality. The retorts of your friend rather please than oppress, as it gives you an excuse for your conduct, and blunts the point of conscience that is probing your bosom : therefore, mutual passion severs friendship ; and by taking from the injurer half his punishment, the moral justice is wounded. So, if the revengeful person were to consider the subject, he would discover that the finest vengeance is that which comes in the garb of mercy.

I wonder much at this warm approbation of resentment in men of distinguished worth, who must very well know, if they give themselves the trouble to collect circumstances, that from the first of time, an implacable and revengeful temper was the surest sign of an unmanly and brutal heart.

But this is not the only species of affectation which shadows the soul. It is become a fashion to assume a passion for other vices ; and a man now boasts as loudly of a licentiousness of manners and heart, as if he were declaring to the world a catalogue of laudable virtues.

When Clodius first entered the world, he appeared adorned with every elegance of body, and every attraction of mien. All hearts acknowledged the powers of his persuasive manners. His vanity was intoxicated with admiration ; and he resolved to be at the summit of every fashionable vice, as he was at the zenith of every manly accomplishment. Accordingly, he plunged
from

from folly to folly, till at length he found himself in the midst of an ocean of vices, from which he found he had neither the power nor the inclination to emerge. While he retained his youth and beauty, many silly women, from a desire of flattery, and an admiration of his person, even smiled at the licentiousness which disgraced him : but when Time tore the roses from his cheek, and whitened the golden tresses of his hair ; when the frequency of his excesses had unnerved his arm, and given the shivering form to a man scarcely past the meridian of life ; even these good-natured females, who sanctioned his conduct when veiled under the semblance of external charms, turned from him with disgust and contempt.

I have been acquainted with this insulated being for these many years. I knew him, and warned him in his youth of the misery that would ensue ; but it was all in vain ; and I have lived to see the day when, worn out with the fatigues of a wicked life, he hath confessed to me, with many a bitter sigh—that he would give the whole world, had he it to barter, could he but resume the health of body, and purity of mind, which he possessed twenty years ago.

Though he is convicted of the turpitude of his proceedings, he is yet too weak to change his conduct : his “soul is so embodied and embruted,” that he finds it impossible to enfranchise her from the deep pollution which weighs her to the earth. Indeed, I never see him but I feel my heart bleed at every pore : I remember what he was once—young, gay, beautiful, and amiable : the object of every eye, the secret wish of every heart—and now, what a reverse !—weak, melancholy, emaciated, and miserable ; when he enters, every eye turns from his palsied form, every ear closes itself against his peevish complaints.

This unhappy creature is a dreadful warning to his youthful acquaintance, who see in him the dire effects of a few years wasted in the pursuits of folly and of

vice : but, alas ! I am grieved to say, that loudly as the fate of this being prophecies in their ears, yet many of his young friends still pursue the career of vicious dissipation.

When I consider what are the enjoyments of guilt, and what are their deplorable consequences, I am astonished that so many of my fellow-creatures should so madly seek the fruition of that which contains the seeds of death.

How different is the abandoned wretch, laden with the destroying fruits of his shameful excesses, to him whose exemplary life is carried through the sunny paths of temperance and peace ?—As I am unhappy in the acquaintance of Clodius, I am blessed in the friendship of Pollio—the blameless tenor of whose existence is not more balmy to his own heart, than it is dear to those of his friends. His mind is the throne of every mental grace ; while his heart is the sanctuary of the virtues ; the cheerful sunshine of his soul beams upon the brightness of his lips ; and the sublime honour of his heart awakens his eye to more than mortal lustre.

O ! ye mistaken sons of earth, knew you but the joys of virtue ; the ecstatic glowings of a pure heart, that warms with gratitude to its God, even while it heaves the sigh of compassion for some wilful wanderer from truth—did ye know its nectarious influence, in soothing the combined affliction of the world—did ye know its magic power over the hearts of millions—ye would surely abandon the syren that embraces to destroy ; and fly to the feet of her, whose paths may be rugged, but whose home is happiness !

Mark but the difference between Clodius and Pollio : the God of the temple hath even “rent the veil,” and transformed its figure, to suit the “*shrined deity*.” Both these men entered the world with the same advantages : they were both competitors in the like race. The beauty of Clodius was consumed by the blasting breath of vice : the graces of Pollio, animated by the
virtues

virtues of his heart, glow in his youth with the glory of an angel ; and in his old age, when the splendour of the spring of life hath passed away, even then the lustre of his soul will diffuse a dignity over every venerable feature, that none but the truly good can possess ; and that not even the most vicious can refuse to admire.

THE FATE OF GAMESTERS.

A DREAM.

READING the news-papers the other day, as is my usual custom after dinner, I was revolving in my mind the vast number of suicides which have of late stained the annals of humanity ; and, reflecting on the multifarious crimes attendant on the pernicious vice of gaming, I sunk insensibly into a profound reverie, and by another gradation, into a deep sleep. Influenced by the sportive power of imagination, I instantly found myself in the midst of the Tartarean fields : Fancy thrice waved her ideal wand before my eyes, and offered herself as my conductress through those hidden regions. We had not proceeded many steps, before I saw an haggard shade advancing ; a dagger trembled in his nerveless hand, and from his pale bosom flowed a purple stream. " This," said he, gazing attentively at the fatal instrument, " this robbed me of my existence ; this arm deprived a beloved wife of an unworthy partner, and left three lovely innocents to mourn my loss !" — He said no more, but with a desponding look, and hasty stride, glided through the gloom. " This," said my attendant, " was a wealthy tradesman, who, lured by the fascinating arts of gamblers, lost an immense sum at hazard : two of his best friends were involved in his ruin ; shame and despair seized him, and urged the hand that plunged the murderous weapon in his breast." — Another phantom presented itself. His livid countenance spoke an untimely end ; and a cord trailing behind, told me he was a vic-

tim to the rules of justice. "The youth whom thou now seest," resumed my informer, "was an assistant in a great commercial house; he lost, at gaming, what money he had of his own; and thinking to retrieve it, risked a trivial sum belonging to his patron; this he lost also; grown desperate, he resolved to make a grand attempt, and staking a large sum, Fortune for a time smiled upon him, and he had nearly retrieved his losses: but continuing to play, thinking to recover the whole, or to retire with money in his pocket; an unlucky throw of the dice stripped him of every shilling: he was discovered, consigned to the laws of his country, and found guilty."—He passed on, and was succeeded by a young lady of about nineteen; but from her sunken eyes, and fallow complexion, she might have passed for thrice that age. She carried a pack of cards in her left hand, and in her right a fan, with the rules for quadrille, whist, and loo painted thereon; a silken bag of counters dangled from her arm. "This lady, my guide informed me, had been in the habits of play for three years; the whole of which time it had been her constant practice to sit up five nights out of seven at cards; the want of rest occasioned thereby, and the perplexity of her mind, at length brought on a consumption, which a few days ago sent her to these abodes of expiation."—A hasty noise now attracted our attention, which was increased by the appearance of a florid young man with dishevelled hair, distracted looks, and a pistol in his hand: he started with horror, threw from him the dreadful engine, and struck his forehead with the utmost violence, exclaiming, in accents of the deepest despair—"Eliza! O, my Eliza, have I lost thee thus! Where are now those years of looked-for pleasure, which, in my gayer hours, I have so often anticipated? Alas! they are fled for ever, and with them every ray of hope: Eliza, too, is fled! Oh, had but some pitying angel, robed in her lovely form, arrested my presumptuous hand, ere I had closed the dreadful scene, or
when

when I first handled the accursed dice ! I might still have been happy ; I might still have been blest in her smiles ; but now despair is my only inmate. Oh, Eliza ! Eliza !" — His distorted features expressed the keen anguish of his soul ; he rushed forward with wild disordered steps, while every contending passion glared horribly through his convulsed orbs. — " This unfortunate victim of gaming," said my conductress, " has, by the cruel arts of sharpers, been robbed of his whole estate : he was on the point of marriage with a young lady of exemplary virtue and accomplishments, who, since his unfortunate exit, has pined under the oppressive hand of sickness." — " Ah, Eliza !" exclaimed I involuntarily, " who now shall shelter and protect thee ? Perhaps even at this moment thou art breathing thy last, and thy spotless spirit flutters in fond expectation to meet the youth thou lovest !" — We now moved forward to a spot from whence a confused noise issued : drawing near, we found a number of people sitting round a table ; these, my guide informed me, were the shades of professed sharpers and gamblers ; one of whose punishments consisted in being obliged to play continually with blank dice, which kept them in a state of unremitted tumult and confusion. — At another table was a groupe, chiefly composed of females, who were playing at cards ; and it did not escape my notice, that the cards, when played, were directly contrary to what they appeared when in their hands ; this produced innumerable reproaches for bad playing, which were returned with the most vociferous defiance from the other side. A motley crowd of both sexes, and of all ages and conditions, now pushed forward in the most clamorous manner ; the words " Blank," and " Prize," continually reverberating through the whole throng. These, I found, were adventurers in the lottery ; some of whom, my guide informed me, had gone frantic on their unexpectedly gaining a prize, and terminated their existence in Bedlam ; others, in a fit of despairing melancholy,

choly, from having a number of blanks, had hung, shot, or drowned themselves; while another class, who had lost all their property by the baneful practice of insuring, had put an end to lives that were no longer supportable.

We were going to explore the other recesses of these gloomy abodes, when somebody taking me by the shoulders awoke me; and I found my wife standing by my side, wondering how I could sleep when tea waited for me.

CARLOS.

ON THE EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

[From Gisborne's Enquiry into the Duties of the Female Sex.]

(Concluded from page 132).

IN addition to the regular habit of useful reading, the custom of committing to the memory select and ample portions of poetic compositions, not for the purpose of ostentatiously quoting them in mixed company, but for the sake of private improvement, deserves, in consequence of its beneficial tendency, to be mentioned with a very high degree of praise. The mind is thus stored with a lasting treasure of sentiments and ideas, combined by writers of transcendent genius and vigorous imagination, clothed in appropriate, nervous, and glowing language, and impressed by the powers of cadence and harmony. Let the poetry, however, be well chosen. Let it be such as elevates the heart with the ardour of devotion, adds energy and grace to precepts of morality, kindles benevolence by pathetic narrative and reflection, enters with natural and lively description into the varieties of character, or presents vivid pictures of what is grand or beautiful in the scenery of nature. Such are in general the works of Milton, of Thomson, of Gray, of Mason, and of Cowper. It is thus that the beauty and grandeur of nature will be contemplated

contemplated with new pleasure. It is thus that taste will be called forth, exercised, and corrected. It is thus that judgment will be strengthened, virtuous emotions cherished, piety animated and exalted. At all times, and under every circumstance, the heart penetrated with religion, will delight itself in the recollection of passages, which display the perfections of that Being on whom it trusts, and the glorious hopes to which it aspires. When affliction weighs down the spirits, or sickness the strength, it is then that their cheering influence will be doubly felt. When old age, disabling the sufferer from the frequent use of books, obliges the mind to turn inward upon itself; the memory, long retentive, even in its decay, of the acquisitions which it had attained and valued in its early vigour, still suggests the lines which have again and again diffused rapture through the bosom of health, and are yet capable of overspreading the hours of decrepitude and the couch of pain with consolation.

But it is not from books alone that a considerate young woman is to seek her gratifications. The discharge of relative duties, and the exercise of benevolence, form additional sources of activity and enjoyment. To give delight in the affectionate intercourse of domestic society; to relieve a parent in the superintendence of family affairs; to smooth the bed of sickness, and cheer the decline of age; to examine into the wants and distresses of the female inhabitants of the neighbourhood; to promote useful institutions for the comfort of mothers, and for the instruction of children; and to give to those institutions that degree of attention, which, without requiring either much time or much personal trouble, will facilitate their establishment and extend their usefulness: these are employments congenial to female sympathy; employments in the precise line of female duty; employments which diffuse genuine and lasting consolation among those whom they are designed to benefit, and never fail to improve the heart of her who is engaged in them.

In

In pointing out what ought to be done, let justice be rendered to what has been done. In the discharge of the domestic offices of kindness, and in the exercise of charitable and friendly regard to the neighbouring poor, women in general are exemplary. In the latter branch of Christian virtue, an accession of energy has been witnessed within a few years. Many ladies have shewn, and still continue to shew, their earnest solicitude for the welfare of the wretched and the ignorant, by spontaneously establishing schools of industry and of religious instruction; and, with a still more beneficial warmth of benevolence, have taken the regular inspection of them upon themselves. May they stedfastly persevere, and be imitated by numbers!

Among the employments of time, which, though regarded with due attention by many young women, are more or less neglected by a considerable number, moderate exercise in the open air claims to be noticed. Sedentary confinement in hot apartments on the one hand, and public diversions frequented, on the other, in buildings still more crowded and stifling, are often permitted so to occupy the time as by degrees even to wear away the relish for the freshness of a pure atmosphere, for the beauties and amusements of the garden, and for those "rural sights and rural sounds," which delight the mind uncorrupted by idleness, folly, or vice. Enfeebled health, a capricious temper, low and irritable spirits, and the loss of many pure and continually recurring enjoyments, are among the consequences of such misconduct.

But though books obtain their reasonable portion of the day, though health has been consulted, the demands of duty fulfilled, and the dictates of benevolence obeyed, there will yet be hours remaining unoccupied; hours for which no specific employment has yet been provided. For such hours it is not the intention of these pages to prescribe any specific employment. What if some space be assigned to the useful and elegant arts of female

female industry ? But is industry to possess them all ? Let the innocent amusements which home furnishes claim their share. It is a claim which shall cheerfully be allowed. Do amusements abroad offer their pretensions ? Neither shall they, on proper occasions, be unheard. A well-regulated life will never know a vacuum sufficient to require an immoderate share of public amusements to fill it.

GOSSIPIANA.

[No. III.]

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, MR. PELHAM, LORD CHATHAM, LORD BUTE.

SIR Robert Walpole, while he was minister, spent very near 60,000*l.* upon publications in defence of his administration, besides giving several lucrative employments to writers, though he was never known to employ one of remarkable abilities, or who did him essential service ; which occasioned its being observed, that however good a judge he was of men, he certainly was a bad one of authors.

Mr. Pelham took a wiser course in preventing political controversies, by gratifying the few good writers who were most capable of creating him trouble, uneasiness, or disgust ; which was not only the cheapest, but also the most effectual way of preserving public quiet, and of course doing his business that way.

Mr. Pitt depended so much on his own popularity, that he never thought of silencing the writers who opposed him, or of rewarding the volunteers in his defence ; to which perhaps was owing, that his cause had so few literary champions at the time of his resignation ; which shews it is a right policy to secure some such kind of influence.

Lord

Lord Bute, at his taking the lead, was supposed to employ writers in his support; but in his choice of them did no more honour to his judgment, than his successors appear since to have done to theirs; for the writers of the *Briton* and *Auditor* very soon became effectually foiled by their antagonists; and those of the *Plain Dealer* and *Scrutator* have never been able to excite the least public attention. The two former expired of actual open contempt; and the two latter, have died of the worst of all literary diseases; which is, silent scorn and neglect.

WIND AND RAIN.

ARISTOTLE is mistaken when he answers this question, "Why rain stills the wind?" He says that the waters stop the pores of the earth. This is a fallacy. If it were true, there could be no wind in the sea. When it blows in one part of the world, it must then rain in the other. Wind is nothing else but the air in agitation, caused by the expansion of the clouds; which, to make room for themselves, drive it onward. On the contrary, the condensation of those vapours stops the wind and makes it fall; which happens in the time of rain descending, according to the saying, "a little rain stills a great wind."

THE PREVAILING PASSION.

M. T—— on his death-bed, when the priest had given him absolution, and was describing the joys of Paradise; inattentive to his pious office, the expence attending his illness being uppermost in his mind, he exclaimed, "Father, I tell you, these physicians and apothecaries are a set of vultures, preying on their patients; and it is impossible to escape ruin, if you are under their hands for any time."

POPPEA,

POPPÆA, THE WIFE OF NERO.

TACITUS records a curious instance of coquetry in Poppæa, the wife of Nero. She used to cover a great part of her face, in order to raise an high idea of her beauty. "*Velata oris parte, ne fatiaret aspectum;*" veiling part of her face, that she might not glut the eyes of the spectator with her charms.

THE POPES.

THE Cardinal Oregio used to beg alms in the streets of Rome. It is nothing surprising in that country to see a poor priest rise to great dignity. Pope Sextus V. was a swineherd, yet he bore a very high character as Pope. He was magnanimous, liberal, and inflexible. He had every quality of a great man.

Those popes who have had children seem to have been the best popes. Paul III. was a great character, and an able politician. Æneas Sylvius, alias Pius II. had a son, of whom he speaks highly in one of his letters. Gregory XIII. who was a very excellent Pope, had a son, of whom he was very fond.

LORD BACON.

FRANCIS Bacon, Lord Chancellor of England, was the greatest genius of his age; and a person endued with extraordinary talents and inclination to promote the cause of literature. The pity is that he had no one to second his endeavours. He died at the age of sixty-six; and so poor, that there remains a letter of his to the king, praying his bounty, lest "he who had only wished to live to study, might be obliged now to study to live." He was born to instruct others, and to set them in the right way to be teachers themselves. In literature, improvement, and not innovation, is the path to the advancement and benefit of letters.

NYPHUS.

AUGUSTUS Nyphus, a native of Sueza, in the kingdom of Naples, whose books of Morals were published at Paris in 1645, lived at the time of Charles V. Being visited by the Emperor, he shewed him into a room, where there was only one chair, on which Nyphus placed himself; observing to the Emperor, that a man of his rank could order another to be brought. In conversation with Charles, he said, "You are an Emperor of soldiers, and I am an Emperor of books."

FATHER ADAM.

FATHER Adam was a Jesuit of Limosin, who was silenced afterwards for preaching against St. Austin. The Queen-Mother, coming out from one of his sermons, asked a courtier who was near her, what he thought of the discourse. "Madam," replied the gentleman, "the sermon convinces me of the truth of the doctrine of Preadamites." "How so?" says the Queen. "Because, Madam, I am now certain that Father Adam is not the *first* of men."

ATHEISTS.

"THERE are three kinds of atheists," observes Sorbiere; "persons of subtle understandings, men of profligate principles, and ignorant pretenders to thinking. The two last are generally converted by misfortunes, or the approach of death, the great touchstone of the soul. As to the former, it is impossible for me to imagine how they can, as men of knowledge, reject so many evidences of a first cause."

THE PLAINTIFF.

[No. II.]

To the Conductors of the Monthly Visitor.

WHETHER, Gentlemen Editors, you shall think fit to place my disappointments in your list of PLAINTIFFS; whether you will devote to me a third number of THE REFLECTOR; or grant me, like your associate Doboick, the honours of a philosophical exhibition; I shall proceed to specify my cares and my crosses.

Physiognomy has been my favourite research. For a long time, I have enlisted myself in private theatricals, in order to feel and to understand the varieties of the human countenance: I have performed Macbeth, Shylock, Hamlet, and Othello; and performed them with considerable success: but there is not a passage in either, better known to my mind, than are known the principles of Lavator. But physical physiognomy is not inexhaustible; at least it is not so to me. After compassing, I have endeavoured to enlarge the purposes of physiognomical science; and the extent of my improvements are at your service.

Even this age of illumination, has not, as far as I can perceive, enlightened the subject of my attention; which subject is, THE PHYSIOGNOMY OF PENS. Shenstone had a glance at this science. He professed to decypher in the hand-writing of a person, the inflexions of his disposition. 'Tis for us to improve on Shenstone; to carry his indeterminate hints into a wider field of enquiry. Surely it would be somewhat interesting could we trace in the writings of authors the identity of their featural-characters. This discrimination has been attempted, oftener than some theorists would imagine; and sometimes with success. We will now embody what experience hath enabled us to do.

Half a century has not elapsed, since the literati of the day were alarmed and amused with some practical demonstrations of my thesis.—A literary gentleman, on perusing the pieces of a literary lady, and conceiving from such a perusal that her beauty must equal her genius, formed a most ardent affection for the aforesaid lady. In the most melodious and soul-rending accents, did he reply to the fictitious griefs of his beloved poetess. He was distracted, and could no longer exist in absence from the invaluable fair one. He saw her—and he ceased to love: he had *misread* the lines of her composition. About this time occurred another instance, not less singular and important. A black-skinned gentleman, so we are informed, whose mind was fairer than his complexion, composed a variety of beautiful sonnets, to which he affixed a most lady-like name. They were not lost. They were received as the productions of a lady, by a poet of some note; who answered them in a becoming strain. The first gentleman was highly entertained: he continued the correspondence: and thus, through a pleasing deception, he won the affections of a man, who might not have regarded a black with the best complacency. Perhaps humanity will regret, that many of our British senators were not poets, and every negro a poetess. Were I to mention one third of the examples which history and experience afford respecting the Physiognomy of Pens, to those who have never attended to similar disquisitions, they would almost appear incredible. Judging from most historians, we should estimate Cleopatra as one of the most beautiful women that ever existed; whereas, she was a little creature, of no great personal charms, who could be locked up in a trunk and carried on the shoulders of a soldier into Cæsar's tent. Depict the unfortunate Queen of Scots, from the verses fabricated by her enemies, and she must appear the most disgusting of figures.—Yet have not some authors, in this particular, been guided by the influence

fluence of those verses ? What is there in the likeness of Gibbon, that should indicate the glowing graces of his style ? what in the bust of Goldsmith, expressive of suavity and animation ? and what, in the visages of many a celebrated genius, that bespeaks the intelligence of philosophy ? These are formidable objections to the *Physiognomy of Pens.* Let us examine them by rever-
sion.

When Des Cartes, in speaking of Newton—enquired whether he eat, drank, or slept as other mortals ; being almost persuaded that the Newtonian System was not the production of imperfect man ; what a tribute did he render to the talents of our countryman :—what a support to the subject of this paper. Locke had the countenance of a metaphysician ; and the man who had painted him from his *Essays on the Understanding*, could scarcely have erred in his portrait. Gibbon, it is true, has no remarkable feeling, but he has a discriminating hardihood on his brow : Goldsmith, no peculiar expression of suavity ; but he has the gentleness of the *Deserted Village*. In general life, there are few of our friends who are not to be traced in their letters. The gay and volatile Pennarius, is ever vaulting from the earth to the clouds : the thinking Manlius expresses a doubt in every conclusion : the pathetic Rinaldo, is never gay in his settled moments, and the undetermined mind of Orlando, is a contrast of solemnity and mirth. As it would be deemed invidious to remark on living personages, I must be contented to forego numerous examples that would tend to advantage this argument. Nor doth it disparage the tenor of my hypothesis, that its conclusions can never be invariable.

Every system as yet, discovered by the activity of invention, is liable to the objection of incapacity. This must ever happen with our best deductions, while those deductions are the produce of imperfection. The theory now under review, is far from complete.

It is hardly satisfactory. Here be it observed then, that the defect does not rest with its proposer. He has laboured to establish the point: if he has failed in the elucidation of his scheme, it is for others to profit by his hints, and, if possible, to perfectate his labours.

A SEARCHER.

When we contemplate the obstructions which unavoidably attend on the prosecution of science, we are far from surprized, that this gentleman has not completed his Enquiry on the Physiognomy of Pens; but when we reflect on the ingenuity which he has already evinced in treating of so uncommon and difficult a topic, we are certainly of opinion, that a few more *searches* would be salutary to himself, and not unacceptable to our readers.

We have just received another letter from Senix:—He shall be heard in our next.

The PRINCIPLES upon which a FREE GOVERNMENT must be founded: Investigated and Considered.

THERE is, perhaps, no subject about which so much has been said and written, as on that of politics; and yet, I believe, there is none upon which mankind are so little agreed. Important truths always lie within a narrow compass. Instead of their being produced by the collision of opinions, as is generally thought, men find themselves thereby in greater confusion and darkness. In vain does the enterprizing soul of man search for truth through the extended fields of visionary metaphysics. The shell which gathers the pearl must lie content. The less men fret and fume, and teize their imaginations, the likelier they are to attain their wishes. The Grecian painter, who had long laboured in vain with his whole art upon a particular subject, threw
down

down his sponge in despair, and it produced the effect he had desired.

This uncertainty in the science of politics, in which, I believe, there are no two men who think exactly alike, has proceeded, in a great degree, from the different origins which have been assigned by contending philosophers to lawful government. Each one has laid down his premises, forged and fashioned according to the conclusions he wished to draw. The republican has built his airy nest * in the social contract; the subject of aristocracy in prescriptive right; and a third class of politicians have declared the only ground of subjects' obligation to be in the will of God, as collected from expediency.

Now it is obvious to every reflecting, disinterested man, that this chaos of metaphysical opinions—this airy nothing, bodied forth and assigned a name—can originate only in the feverish imagination, and terminate in doubt and uncertainty. Laying aside, therefore, the examination of these different systems, which are the shoals upon which truth has so often been shipwrecked, I shall endeavour to investigate shortly the principles of Free Government, as collected from the simpler philosophy of common life, guided and directed by the grand and controuling rule of human conduct—utility. The maxim, then, which I consider as the self-evident basis of free legislation, is, *that the interest of the governors should be combined with that of the governed.* This is the rock upon which liberty, in any political institution, can alone rear its standard. Remove or neglect this foundation, and the edifice must evince all the heaviness and inconveniences of Gothic architecture.

Upon this principle we may dismiss the simple aristocratic form of government from all claim to competition. However that system may claim respect from the

* Et sæpe cubilibus altis.
Nescio qua præter solitum dulcedine læti
Inter se strepitant.

Virg. Georg. l. 1.

the others, on account of its paternal character, yet reasoning, backed by the unanswerable force of experience, have irrecoverably condemned it. This indignity offered to its pretensions—this *spretæ injuria formæ*—would be even justified by simply surveying the present situation of the Venetian State.

But, leaving this remnant of the feudal system to its merited contempt, it will appear, that the best mode of carrying into effect the principle with which I set out, is that of choosing the governors out of the body of the people, and making them return, at stated periods, to their pristine equality. Where men experience themselves the effect of their own measures, and are also answerable for the inconveniences they may produce on others, it is not likely that the public good should be neglected.

Now, according to these simple premises, it would follow, that a democracy by representation was the only proper and unobjectionable form of government. To this I would subscribe my assent, if it provided against defects which I shall presently enumerate.

The principle of that form of government is certainly that combination of interests above described; and while it exists in its purity, liberty must flourish. But the varying circumstances of human nature, and the fluctuating state of human passions, are seen to warp it from its fundamental principle, and distort its original symmetry.

A republic does not sufficiently provide against the evils of dissention, tumult, and faction. It has no safeguard against the ambitious attempts of powerful and popular citizens. It is subject to the worst of all tyrannies—that of a majority over a minority. These are evils which are not provided against by the Republic of Plato, the Utopia of Moore, or the Oceana of Harrington. They are inherent in the republican system itself. They are of the very essence of it. Neither reasoning nor experience have found any other remedy effectual, (and all have been tried,) except that of establishing

blishing regal power. A King alone, by his superintending influence and controul, can assuage the violence of *feubious, sceptragre tenens, mollitgue animos, et temperat iras.*

But here I am aware it will be objected, that the influence of a Monarch is a greater evil than that which it is meant to remedy. I grant that influence to be great, and that of itself it would be a great mischief. But I contend, that when the defects of the republican and monarchical establishments are brought into contact, *they mutually destroy each other.* If this should be the case, have we not, in the conjunction of those two governments, discovered that generous plan of power, so long enquired after?

The ambition of individuals, so generally dangerous to liberty, in a democracy, appears to be totally shackled by the salutary superintendence of a King. In such a state, bounds and limits are placed to advancement; while every room is given to noble exertion. The fullest scope is given to the most generous passions of the statesman or the soldier, while they are prevented from leaving behind them those acidities which might accompany their virtues.

Factions are likewise prevented by this means, or at least they are rendered no farther operative than as they throw a warmth and animation through the constitution of the state. Independent of this, a King has it in his power to divert the course of dissensions, by disposing as he shall think proper of the objects of contention.

Having thus seen that the evils of popular government are remedied by regal power, let us now turn the mirror, and shew that the proposition will hold good in its converse.

The dangers arising from too great influence and corruption, are prevented by the frequency of elections. Fresh sluices of water are continually opened, which fertilize the parched soil, and sweep away impurities. They are also guarded against by the number of the
elected

electd representatives. Such an effect might be possible where that body was small; but here it is protected in its numbers.

I say nothing of the independence and responsibility of the representative. Neither is it necessary to point out the share which the whole body has in the political establishment, and the consequent check it must have upon the other parts. These are arguments too obvious to be pointed out and enlarged upon. They are the common places of the thesis.

It seems, then, that in contemplating the present subject, the following propositions prove indisputable :

First, that the object of government being the public good, the best mode of attaining that end, is by rendering the interests of the subject and the ruler reciprocal. This principle is weaved into government by the great body of the people choosing from amongst themselves some few individuals to represent the whole. These would be the trustees and conservators of their liberties. They themselves forming a part of the mass, must therefore think and act according to its interests.

Secondly, that the evils of individual ambition and public dissention can only be remedied by the establishment of a supreme ruler—*qui fœdere certo et premere et laxas sciret dare jussus habenas.*

Thirdly, that the dangers of corruption, and the inconvenience of too great influence from the Crown, would be prevented by the number of the representatives, the frequent fresh election of that body, and the very nature of its institution. It is thus the power of the one would be balanced by that of the other; while those unseen connections and nice dependencies which exist in a well-concerted scheme of government, would be carried into full effect and operation.

In considering the plan of government I have described, I have not examined the necessity of an established nobility. In a regular monarchy, I confess I see the wisdom and propriety of a Patrician Order; but

but there may be some difference in a mixed compounded form of government. In that perhaps the appointment by the Sovereign to the various offices of state, would answer the end of a nobility. It would, at the same time, avoid those invidious distinctions so justly deprecated.

Neither have I noticed the influence which property has in the government of a state. Upon a former occasion I investigated that subject, and it seemed to me to furnish a corollary to the present reasonings.

I have been still farther from pointing to any particular existing government in the world. To have done that would have been rather to write an eulogium than institute an impartial enquiry. There are some strong lines in the British Constitution which resemble my hypothesis; but they exist too much in theory: they are too apt to vanish in the management of that complex system. My endeavour has been to draw together a few planks from the wrecks of numerous states. They are such as are founded in the philosophy of common life, and, I think, would furnish a raft to convey a nation through political storms and tempests to safety, freedom, and prosperity.

G. C.

March 16, 1797. Hospitii Lincolnienfis Socius.

FLIRTILLA.

A CHARACTER.

"THERE are many Cleopatra's who never exhibit on a throne." I had been talking with a friend on the manners and character of the fair-sex; and while he, from too feeling an experience, inculcated the maxims and conduct of females, I—perhaps from too amiable an inexperience—asserted their angelic purity. But the first sentence in this piece was the last from the mouth of my friend, who promised

misd to confirm it on a future evening. "Now," said he, stepping in upon me three or four days after our conference, "I come to fulfil my promise." "What promise?" cried I, for I was writing an Ode to Angelica, and had forgotten his promise in toto, "I cannot charge my memory with it?" "No, I do not doubt thee my gentle, my beneficent swain: full perfectly, I dare believe, hast thou carefully obliterated the remembrance of our last conference, or I should not find thee so sweetly engaged!" He glanced an eye of intelligence on my paper. "But," continued he, "I must teach thee something of philosophy; you must no longer be permitted to estimate mankind through the medium of a poetic imagination. I will give you a sketch, 'tis drawn from nature; ergo, it may differ from Angelica!" I would have astounded him—for he marred the best line in my Ode. "You know Flirtilla," said he. "She is a very pretty woman:" returned I. "Eh bien!" said my friend, his countenance brightening with a sort of ineffable sagacity, "Lift, oh lift!" "And seriously," said I, "I hope you are not going to divert me from my subject with a quizzical inanity." "No, George, no such thing: thou shalt hear something *serious*. Perchance I may *quizz* thy sensibility; but thy reason will be all the better for it. You know Flirtilla, as I said before; and if you will give me an audit, you shall know a little more of her." Here he paused, and I perceived an expression in his features which disclaimed any satisfaction in the narrative he was about to deliver. He proceeded: "This Flirtilla passes for a very agreeable—and what is of much higher import—a very good woman. The first qualification is her's in an eminent degree; and I only regret, that it should ever preside where the second is not to be found. Come, George, be calm: for I see that you are a little disturbed. Flirtilla's enchantments, however, though she is not absolutely a bad woman, are but a veil to such defects as would otherwise be execrated.

crated. She embraces a numerous acquaintance ; they are mostly delighted with her ; and, till they discern the motives which impel her to society, they will continue to admire her. But she is a woman who cannot be long unknown. There are few persons whom she would not serve, would they be served on her conditions ; nor any whom she would hesitate to injure, if they pursue their own benefit in opposition to her directions. She has married twenty people who had the most perfect antipathy for each other, and impeded the marriages of at least one hundred couples, who were sincerely united in a mutual affection. I am just informed that the unhappy dispute, which has terminated in a law-suit between our two friends, was instigated by Flirtilla. She has enough of domestic business to occupy her time, but not enough to occupy her attention ; hence she is indefatigable in the views and concerns of her acquaintances. If she hears that an union is *sure* to take place between two young people, though she hath not the least personal interest in the transaction, she will leave no means untried to disappoint such an union. She loves to participate in every surrounding measure ; and an empire would not *confine* her exertions ! If this be not a bad, you must confess 'tis a dangerous character ?

“ But I will give you another instance of her achievements. You have heard that poor Sedley is disinherited ! I will unfold the cause of his troubles. To be sure, the fool has a very sensible heart !” My friend hesitated, complained of a violent cold in his head, and drew his handkerchief across his face. “ And this sensible heart, George ! taught him to love :—to love an amiable, to love an excellent, though an unwealthy girl. His father would never have countenanced this folly, had he known it ; but his father knew it not, and Sedley was happy. Yes, George, he was too happy for Flirtilla. Old Sedley was very ill ; and this happened in the last autumn. All his af-

fairs were arranged, as justly admitted, in favour of his son. But Flirtilla knew Sedley's Maria; and Maria was too good for Flirtilla. Flirtilla, on his last bed informed old Sedley of his son's attachment. Sedley was near death, but rage rekindled his existence. He disinherited his son—he could do no more!”

T.

MEMOIRS OF EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ.

(Continued from page 108.)

APRIL 3, 1752, Mr. Gibbon entered the university of Oxford, where, from an unhappy concatenation of circumstances, he made very little improvement. This must be ascribed to a variety of causes; but it is our opinion that Mr. Gibbon does not take a sufficient degree of blame upon himself. Indeed, he seems to have no mercy on this venerable seminary of learning—for several *quarto* pages are filled with very severe observations, both on its institutions and discipline. We, however, have good reason to believe that they are not just. It is true, both of our universities want considerable reformation; and as friends to the rising generation, and to the general interests of literature, we confess ourselves well-wishers to every scheme which may subserve those two valuable purposes.

The most remarkable event that took place in Mr. Gibbon's life, during his short stay at Oxford, was his conversion to Popery. Take his own account of this singular business:—"The marvellous tales which are so boldly attested by the Basils and Chrysostoms, the Austins and Jeroms, compelled me to embrace the superior merits of celibacy—the institution of the monastic life—the use of the sign of the cross, of holy oil, and even of images—the invocation of saints—the worship of relics—the rudiments of purgatory in prayers for the dead, and the tremendous mystery of the sacrifice and blood

blood of Christ, which insensibly swelled into the prodigy of transubstantiation. In these dispositions, and already more than half a convert, I formed an unlucky intimacy with a young gentleman of our college, whose name I shall spare. With a character less resolute, Mr. — had imbibed the same religious opinions; and some Popish books, I know not through what channel, were conveyed into his possession. I read—I applauded—I believed: the English translation of two famous works of Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux—the Exposition of the Catholic Doctrine—and the History of the Protestant Variations, atchieved my conversion; and I surely fell by a noble hand.”

Mr. Gibbon, after this his conversion to Popery, got himself introduced to a priest in London—and “at his feet, on the 8th of June, 1753, he solemnly, though privately, abjured the errors of heresy.” The next step taken by this new convert, was to inform his father of the event—who, surprized and grieved, divulged the secret—and the gates of Magdalen College were shut against his return.—Mr. Gibbon then proceeds in his Memoirs, to exculpate himself from the charge of inconstancy in thus abandoning the religion of his country. This exculpation is founded on the examples of CHILLINGWORTH and BAYLE—for they were, at one period of their lives, converts to Popery. So far as relates to this circumstance, Mr. Gibbon was right—but when he adds, that “they emerged from superstition to *scepticism*,” it is not true: for however *sceptical* Bayle was, there is no proof of such a charge against Chillingworth—he indeed, to the last moment of his life, was a firm believer in the truth of the Christian religion.

Mr. Gibbon’s father became now greatly puzzled how to dispose of his son, who had thus so suddenly estranged himself from the religion of his forefathers. After much debate it was determined, that he should be fixed for some years at Lausanne, in Switzerland.—

“ Mr. Frey (says Mr. Gibbon) a Swiss gentleman of Basle, undertook the conduct of the journey : we left London the 19th of June, crossed the sea from Dover to Calais, and arrived the 30th of June at Lausanne, where I was immediately settled under the roof and tuition of Mr. Pauilliard, a Calvinist Minister.”

We are struck with the dissimilarity of Mr. Gibbon's situation at Oxford and at Lausanne. He himself has described it with minuteness—for he says, “ I had now exchanged my elegant apartment in Magdalen College for a narrow, gloomy street, the most unfrequented of an unhandsome town, for an old inconvenient house, and for a small chamber, ill contrived and ill furnished ; which, on the approach of winter, instead of a companionable fire, must be warmed by the dull invisible heat of a stove. From a man I was again degraded to the dependance of a school-boy. Mr. Pauilliard managed my expences, which had been reduced to a diminutive state : I received a small monthly allowance for my pocket-money ; and helpless and awkward as I have ever been, I no longer enjoyed the indispensable comfort of a servant. My condition seemed as destitute of hope as it was devoid of pleasure ; I was separated for an indefinite which appeared an infinite term from my native country ; and I had lost all connection with my Catholic friends. Such was my first introduction to Lausanne, a place where I spent nearly five years with pleasure and profit, which I afterwards revisited without compulsion, and which I have finally selected as the most grateful retreat for the decline of my life.”

Mr. Gibbon, however, assures us, that his prospect at Lausanne, after this unpleasant introduction to it, was soon brightened. He became familiar with the language of the country, and was made acquainted with the politer circles of society. His tutor also regarded him with a more favourable eye, and he was allowed a greater latitude of expence and action. A portion of his

his morning hours was consecrated to a plan of modern history and geography; and to the critical perusal of the French and Latin classics. From Mr. De Croufaz's Logic, the adversary of Boyle and Pope, he derived particular improvement. "This system," (says Mr. Gibbon) "I studied and meditated, and abstracted, till I have obtained the free command of an universal instrument, which I soon presumed to exercise on my Catholic opinions. Pauilliard was not unmindful that his first task, his most important duty, was to reclaim me from the errors of Popery. The intermixture of sects has rendered the Swiss clergy acute and learned on the topics of controversy; and I have some of his letters in which he celebrates the dexterity of his attack, and my gradual concessions, after a firm and well-managed defence. I was willing, and am now willing to allow him a handsome share of the honour of my conversion. Yet I must observe, that it was principally effected by my private reflections; and I still remember my solitary transport at the discovery of a philosophical argument against the doctrine of transubstantiation—that the text of scripture which seems to inculcate the real presence is attested only by a single sense, our sight; while the real presence itself is disproved by three of our senses—the sight, the touch, and the taste. The various articles of the Romish creed disappeared like a dream; and after a full conviction, on Christmas-day, 1754, I received the sacrament in the church of Lausanne. It was here I suspended my religious enquiries, acquiescing with implicit belief in the tenets and mysteries which are adapted by the general consent of Catholics and Protestants."

Thus was accomplished this great man's conversion from Popery back again to Protestantism. It is curious to observe the operations of his mind. We however regret, that he having, by the superior energy of his intellect, thrown off the cumberous load of superstition, should have *suspended his religious enquiries*, and have

acquiesced, with *implicit* belief, in any tenets and mysteries whatever. To this cause, it is highly probable, we are in a measure to ascribe his subsequent scepticism.

Mr. Gibbon adds—"Such, from my arrival at Lausanne, during the first eighteen or twenty months (July, 1753—March, 1755) were my useful studies, the foundation of all my future improvements. But every man who rises above the common level, has received two educations—the first from his teacher—the second, more personal and important, from himself. He will not, like the fanatics of the last age, define the moments of grace; but he cannot forget the era of his life in which his mind has expanded to its proper form and dimensions. My worthy tutor had the good sense and modesty to discern how far he could be useful: as soon as he felt that I advanced beyond his speed and measure, he wisely left me to my genius, and the hours of lesson were soon lost in the voluntary labour of the whole morning, and sometimes of the whole day. The desire of prolonging my time gradually confirmed the salutary habit of early rising, to which I have always adhered, with some regard to seasons and situations; but it is happy for my eyes and my health, that my temperate ardour has never been seduced to trespass on the hours of the night."

This paragraph is replete with instruction. Every student should attend *religiously* to these remarks. Incessant labour constitutes the man of knowledge. Early rising is one of the best modes of securing the treasures of literature. But, alas! how many individuals of the most resplendent genius and talents, have fallen untimely victims to the midnight lamp.

"During the last three years (continues Mr. Gibbon) of my residence at Lausanne, I may assume the merit of serious and solid application; but I am tempted to distinguish the last eight months of the year 1755, as the period of the most extraordinary diligence and rapid progress."

progress."—Mr. Gibbon then proceeds to mention the particular mode by which he became master both of the style and sentiments of the several authors which he perused.—“In my French and Latin translations, I adopted an excellent method, which, from my own success, I would recommend to the imitation of students. I chose some classic writers, such as Cicero and Vertot, the most approved for purity and elegance of style. I translated, for instance, an Epistle of Cicero into French, and, after throwing it aside till the words and phrases were obliterated from my memory, I re-translated my French into such Latin as I could find, and then compared each sentence of my imperfect version with the ease, the grace, the propriety of the Roman orator.”—Mr. Gibbon then informs us, that he read, with great diligence and attention, the Roman classics; and on Cicero, who appears to have been a favourite author with him, he bestows the warmest commendations.—“After finishing (says he) this *great* author—a *library of eloquence and reason*, I formed a more extensive plan of reviewing the Latin classics, under the four divisions of—1. Historians. 2. Poets. 3. Orators; and, 4. Philosophers, in a chronological series, from the days of Plautus and Sallust, to the decline of the language and empire of Rome; and this plan, in the last twenty-seven months of my residence at Lausanne (January, 1756—April, 1758) I *nearly* accomplished. Nor was this review, however rapid, either hasty or superficial. I indulged myself in a second and even a third perusal of Terence, Virgil, Horace, Tacitus, &c. and studied to imbibe the sense and spirit most congenial to my own. I never suffered a difficult or corrupt passage to escape till I had viewed it in every light of which it was susceptible: though often disappointed, I always consulted the most learned or ingenious commentators, Torrentius and Dacier on Horace, Catrou and Servius on Virgil, Lipsius on Tacitus, Meziriac on Ovid, &c. and,

in

in the ardour of my enquiries, I embraced a large circle of historical and critical erudition."

After having cultivated, with this commendable industry, an acquaintance with the Latin writers, Mr. Gibbon aspired to the knowledge of the Greek originals, whom they celebrate as their masters, and of whom they so warmly recommend the study and imitation.—“The lessons of Pauilliard (says he) again contributed to smooth the entrance of the way; the Greek alphabet, the grammar, and the pronunciation according to the French accent. At my earnest request, we presumed to open the *Iliad*; and I had the pleasure of beholding, though darkly, and through a glass, the true image of Homer, whom I had long since admired in an English dress. After my tutor had left me to myself, I worked my way through about half the *Iliad*, and afterwards interpreted, alone, a large portion of Xenophon and Herodotus. But my ardour, destitute of aid and emulation, was gradually cooled; and, from the barren task of searching words in a Lexicon, I withdrew to the free and familiar conversation of Virgil and Tacitus. Yet in my residence at Lausanne, I had laid a solid foundation, which enabled me, in a more propitious season, to prosecute the study of Grecian literature.”

At this period Mr. Gibbon attended also some mathematical lectures; but, for such abstract studies, confesses that he entertained no peculiar relish. To the study of the law of nature and nations he devoted himself with far greater intenseness. Grotius, Puffendorf, Locke, and Montesquieu, engrossed a large portion of his time.—“But I cannot forbear (adds Mr. Gibbon, to mention three particular books, since they may have remotely contributed to form the historian of the Roman empire. 1. From the Provincial Letters of Pascal, which almost every year I have perused with new pleasure, I learned to manage the weapon of grave and temperate

temperate irony, even on subjects of ecclesiastical solemnity. 2. The Life of Julian, by the Abbe de la Blaterie, first introduced me to the man and the times; and I should be glad to recover my first essay on the truth of the miracle which stopped the rebuilding of the Temple of Jerusalem. 3. In Giannone's Civil History of Naples, I observed with a critical eye, the progress and abuse of sacerdotal power, and the revolutions of Italy in the darker ages." Mr. Gibbon then tells us, that this various reading was digested, according to Mr. Locke's plan, into a common-place book. But he does not recommend this mode of proceeding to others; thinking, with Dr. Johnson—"that what is twice read is commonly better remembered than what is transcribed."

As a reward and relaxation of his assiduous studies, Mr. Gibbon's father now consented that he should make a month's tour through Switzerland, accompanied by his tutor. Accordingly they visited its principal towns, and inspected every object, natural and artificial, which could either excite or gratify curiosity. The Benedictine Abbey of Einsiedlen left a deep and lasting impression on Mr. G.'s memory. "The title and worship of the Mother of God provoked my indignation, and the lively naked image of superstition suggested to me, as in the same place it had done to Zuinglius, the most pressing argument for the reformation of the church."

Mr. G. having enriched his mind with the treasures of knowledge, commenced a correspondence on literary topics with some of the most learned men of the age. These were, M. Crevier, the successor of Rollin—Professor Breitinger, of Zurich, the learned editor of the Septuagint Bible—Professor Matthew Gesner, of the university of Gottingen—and Mr. Allamand, minister of Bex, who is spoken of in terms of high commendation.

In the next paragraph of Mr. G.'s Memoirs, we are informed of his introduction to Voltaire, that most extraordinary man, who was at once a poet, an historian,
rian,

rian, and a philosopher. "My desire (observes Mr. G.) of beholding Voltaire, whom I then rated above his real magnitude, was easily gratified. He received me with civility as an English youth; but I cannot boast of any peculiar notice or distinction *Virgilium vidi tantum*. The highest gratification which I derived from Voltaire's residence at Lausanne was the uncommon circumstance at hearing a great poet declaim his own productions on the stage. He had formed a company of gentlemen and ladies, some of whom were not destitute of talents. A decent theatre was framed at Monrepos, a country-house at the end of a suburb; dresses and scenes were provided at the expence of the actors; and the author directed the rehearsals with the zeal and attention of paternal love. In two successive winters his tragedies of Zayre, Alzire, Zulime, and his sentimental comedy of the *Enfant Prodigue*, were played at the theatre of Monrepos. Voltaire represented the characters best adapted to his years—Lusignan, Alvarez, Benassar, and Euphemon. His declamation was fashioned to the pomp and cadence of the old stage, and he expressed the enthusiasm of poetry rather than the feelings of nature."

After this curious account of Voltaire, Mr. G. arrests the attention by an interesting description of his early love. We cannot refrain from transcribing it for the entertainment of our readers.

"I hesitate, (says Mr. G.) from the apprehension of ridicule, when I approach the delicate subject of my early love. By this word I do not mean the polite attention, the gallantry, without hope and design, which has originated in the spirit of chivalry, and is interwoven with the texture of French manners. I understand by this passion the union of desire, friendship, and tenderness, which is inflamed by a single female, which prefers her to the rest of her sex, and which seeks her possession as the supreme or the sole happiness of our being. I need not blush at recollecting the object of
my

my choice, and though my love was disappointed of success, I am rather proud that I was once capable of feeling such a pure and exalted sentiment. The personal attractions of Mademoiselle Lufan Curchad were embellished by the virtues and talents of the mind. Her fortune was humble, but her family was respectable. Her mother, a native of France, had preferred her religion to her country. The profession of her father did not extinguish the moderation and philosophy of his temper, and he lived content with a small salary and laborious duty in the obscure lot of Minister of Crassy, in the mountains that separate the Pays de Vaud from the country of Burgundy. In the solitude of a sequestered village he bestowed a liberal and even learned education on his only daughter. She surpassed his hopes by her proficiency in the sciences and languages, and in her short visits to some relations at Lausanne, the wit, the beauty, and erudition of Mademoiselle Curchad, were the theme of universal applause. The report of such a prodigy awakened my curiosity—I saw and loved. I found her learned without pedantry, lively in conversation, pure in sentiment, and elegant in manners; and the first sudden emotion was fortified by the habits and knowledge of a more familiar acquaintance. She permitted me to make her two or three visits at her father's house. I passed some happy days there in the mountains of Burgundy, and her parents honourably encouraged the connection. In a calm retirement the gay vanity of youth no longer fluttered in her bosom; she listened to the voice of truth and passion, and I might presume to hope that I had made some impression on a virtuous heart.—At Crassy and Lausanne I indulged my dream of felicity, but on my return to England I soon discovered that my father would not hear of this strange alliance, and that without his consent I was myself destitute and helpless. After a painful struggle I yielded to my fate: I sighed

as a lover, I obeyed as a son; my wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life. My cure was accelerated by a faithful report of the tranquillity and cheerfulness of the lady herself; and my love subsided in friendship and esteem."

This lady however became afterwards the wife of the celebrated Necker, and is lately deceased.

Mr. G. then proceeds to observe concerning his literary improvement at Lausanne.—"Whatsoever have been the fruits of my education, they must be ascribed to the fortunate banishment which placed me at Lausanne. I have sometimes applied to my own fate the verses of Pindar, which remind an Olympic champion that his victory was the consequence of his exile; and that at home, like a domestic fowl, his days might have rolled away inactive or inglorious—

Thus, like the crested bird of Mars, at home
Engaged in foul domestic jars,
And wasted with intestine wars,
Inglorious had'st thou spent thy vig'rous bloom,
Had not Sedition's civil broils
Expell'd thee from thy native *Crete*,
And driven thee, with more glorious toils,
Th' *Olympic* crown in Pisa's plain to meet.

WEST'S PINDAR.

At length Mr. Gibbon, in the spring of the year 1758, left Lausanne, and returned home. After having been absent from England four years, ten months, and fifteen days. Here terminated the *second* period of his life, in which he laid the foundation of his future fame. We have been the more copious in our extracts, because Mr. G.'s own account of himself is of a very interesting nature, and expressed in language which makes a pleasing impression on the mind. We are next to behold him as an *author*, pouring forth the stores of knowledge with which his mind had been thus amply replenished; and
by

by profundity of research, justness of sentiment, and elegance of diction, securing to himself a rank among the first writers of the age.

(To be concluded in our next.)

PLATO'S SOJOURNMENT AT SYRACUSE,
AND FRIENDSHIP WITH DION.

[From the German of F. L. Count Stolberg.]

DIONYSIUS, the elder, had testified an ardent love of knowledge, and many Pythagorean philosophers were collected round his court; it was during this period that Plato came to Syracuse. His fame at first made him welcome to the tyrant; but, when he began freely to discourse against tyranny, Dionysius became angry. According to Diodorus, he was sold as a slave for twenty mina, and redeemed by the philosophers. According to Plutarch, one Pollis, a Spartan, who traded to Syracuse, was commissioned to sell him in Ægina; which commission he strictly fulfilled: but, in either case, he was certainly soon afterward ransomed.

At this time there lived a man in Syracuse, who although the friend of liberty, and of severe principle, was yet highly esteemed by the elder Dionysius, and employed in public affairs: this was Dion, brother of Aristomache, second wife of the tyrant. The first residence of Plato had not been fruitless; he had sown the seeds of his philosophy in the heart of Dion, and the produce was the most dignified wisdom. Such a man could not but be hateful to the courtiers of a young prince; and it would seem easy to have rendered him suspected, since he might have employed the respect in which he was held against Dionysius, to the advantage of his sister's sons. But the young tyrant honoured

Dion, and acknowledged the purity of his intentions; for Dion endeavoured to inspire him with a love of justice, and with dignity of soul, and brought him acquainted with the writings of Plato, filling him with an earnest desire to be taught by that great man. Dion wrote many letters of invitation to Plato, and was seconded by the Pythagorean philosophers of Italy, who intreated his compliance. Plato yielded to these entreaties, and the courtiers thought it necessary to give him a rival; they therefore prevailed on Dionysius to recal Philistus, who had been banished, and who, for the space of forty years, had been the determined friend of tyranny.

The presence of Plato, at first, had such an effect on Dionysius, that he not only admired him, but participated in his noble sentiments; and the herd of courtiers were terrified, when the herald, according to custom, praying for the undisturbed continuance of the government of the tyrant, Dionysius exclaimed, "What! will you never leave cursing me?" These courtiers frequently testified their chagrin, that a sophist of Athens, as they called Plato, should overthrow the power of the princes of Syracuse; a city that had resisted the whole force of Athens. Discourse like this must produce its effect on a weak mind; and Dionysius, no doubt, was staggered: but he was still more moved, by an intercepted letter of Dion to the chiefs of Carthage; in which he warned them not to conclude a treaty of peace with Dionysius, unless he were present. Philistus had the art to place this letter in an hateful light; and the tyrant, reproaching Dion without hearing his defence, banished him to Italy. Dionysius then took Plato to his palace, apparently to honour him, but really to place him under a guard. Still he sincerely admired the wisdom of this great man; often quarrelled with him, as often entreated forgiveness, and tormented him with tyrannical affection and boyish

boyish inconstancy. At last, a war broke out, and he suffered him to depart.

Plato and Dion now lived long together, in Athens; where Dion purchased a country house, expanding his soul in the groves of Platonic wisdom, and enjoying the calm of a country life. Here Dion was universally respected; and the Spartans presented him with the right of citizenship, though they were the allies of Dionysius, and had lately received aid of him against Thebés.

The honours conferred on Dion angered the tyrant, who revenged himself by withholding Dion's revenue; and that he might shine in borrowed wisdom, assembled philosophers around him: but the stores of his memory was soon emptied, and he sighed again for that source from which it had, formerly, been filled. Plato was entreated to return; and Dionysius employed the intermediation of the wise Archytas, of Tarentum, and other Pythagoreans. The women of the princely house, Dion's wife and sister, also wrote to Dion, that he might induce his friend to return to Syracuse. Plato, as he tells us, suffered himself to be persuaded. Dionysius received him with much joy; and the princesses in particular, testified the honour and the friendship that were justly due to the Athenian sage; while in him every good citizen placed his hopes. The tyrant offered him great presents, and Aristippus, of Cyrene, said, in the presence of Dionysius, "his generosity did not cost him much: for to those who were in need, he would give nothing; but to Plato, who would take nothing, he offered every thing."

A scholar of Plato's predicted an eclipse, for which he was admired and rewarded by Dionysius; and Aristippus again observed, in a circle of philosophers, "I likewise can predict something very astonishing; for Dionysius and Plato will soon be foes." He was a true prophet; nor was any thing more necessary than the sagacity of a courtier to foresee this event. Plato soon

became so troublesome to the tyrant, that he sent him to his body guards ; hoping that they, who hated him as the enemy of tyranny, would put him to death.

When Archytas heard this, he sent a galley and ambassadors to demand Plato ; he having been his pledge : on which Dionysius suffered him to depart, but bestowed the wife of Dion on Themocrates.

Dion, in conjunction with the principal patriots of Syracuse, having at length overturned the tyrant Dionysius, Plato wrote him the following advice : “ Because the eyes of the whole world, exaggerated as the expression may seem, are turned toward one place ; and in that place principally to you,—remember that, to some, you do not appear sufficiently complaisant ; and you must not forget that, if you would influence men, you must give them pleasure. Self-love resides in solitude.”

THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS

OF THE

HUNGARIAN PEASANTRY.

BY ROB. TOWNSON, L.L. D.

THE amusements of the fashionable world are easily introduced from foreign countries, and by the caprice of those who set the *ton*, laid aside again ; but the pastimes of the people continue unaltered for ages, and often, like the dress they wear, or the implements they use, serve to shew their origin ; on this account they merit notice.

Thirty or forty, mostly grown up girls, were drawn up in two lines, opposite to one another, and twelve or fifteen yards distant. The girls of each party held one another by the hand, and in this manner swung their arms to a slow-timed song : from time to time they changed places, the girls of one party going under the

arms

arms of the other, who gave them a hearty thump on the back as they passed under. The songs were questions and answers, concerning things in which country people are interested. One party, for example, asked the other what they wished for above all things, and what would make them happy? They answered: a pleasant garden well stocked with fruit, a good farm well stocked with cattle, and a young and faithful husband. All these girls, I thought, though I had taken my usual portion of wine, which giving warmth to the cold, like youth, makes one less severe in criticising female beauty, have few personal charms; and their dress was not becoming. The hair on the sides was plaited tight, and brought into the hair behind, which was likewise plaited, and hung down behind, as with the Swiss girls. The neck was covered with a white handkerchief; and a variegated body and petticoat was short, to shew their yellow leather boots with iron heels. The latter are of great use in dancing, like the spurs of men, for making a noise.

Neither superfine cloths, nor Dresden china, are made here, nor could the skilful workmen here, learn how to bring his art to greater perfection; yet these branches, in a rude state, are very flourishing, and employ the greatest part of the inhabitants. An agent of the Emperor, had lately contracted for a hundred thousand ells of coarse white woollen cloth for soldier's great coats; this is made out of the coarse wool'd fleeces, which are like hair, of the *Ovis Strepiceros*, so common in Hungary. In spinning, the spinners sat down, and used their right foot, to which was fastened a small piece of board to lengthen it, instead of the left hand, when they wanted to lift the yarn off the point of the spindle.

In several small rooms, I found six or eight at work, men, women, and children; the ladies were *en negligé*, but not naked: the gentlemen, as it was hot weather,

being less delicate, had stripped in buff to their trowsers: but upon three pence a day, the common price of a day's labour, the desires do not rise to a great height, except those of eating and drinking. There is one or two fulling-mills in the town.—The potteries are not less an object of industry. I saw one pretty large manufactory of stone ware, but the most interesting are the small ones. Some of these have furnaces like those in use in other places, but the poorer construct very small ones in a more simple manner. These, externally, have the form of a bee-hive, are five or six feet high, and made of mud and clay, with a door on one side: this is only the covering; at the bottom a large hole is dug in the soil, and two or three bars of iron are placed across the bottom of it: this is the oven, and on these bars the pots are placed. The soil is dug away on one side lower than this, where a large lateral hole is made under, and communicating with the oven: here is placed the fire. They make a great part of the coarse earthen-ware of a black colour: it is a rough imitation of Mr. Wedgwood's beautiful manufacture. This is done by shutting up the oven before the wood or fuel is burnt out, so that the articles it contains remain, for some time, in an atmosphere of smoke, which is the only colouring matter used. Some of those who use the common reverberating furnaces, construct them in the ground, so that three of their sides are formed by their soil. Just beneath the walls of the castle, there is a large lake, five or six miles in circumference, which is more profitable than lakes generally are. Every three or four years the water is let off; and the fish caught; and the year after the bottom is sown with Indian corn, hemp, &c. Mr. Korabinsky says, that the fish caught at the last draining, sold for seven hundred pounds, and some years before for two thousand pounds: *Relata refero*.

The castle, which is now in ruins, and of which now only some of its vaults are used as a prison, served often,
formerly,

formerly, for the residence of Matthias Corvinus, the favourite king of this nation, to whose golden days they look back with pleasure: "In his days," they say, "we were a great and formidable nation, now, only a province of Austria."

About nine I reached Visségrade, as this was no post, or much frequented road, I had no right to expect a good inn, but I got a room to myself; a comfortable thing in a thronged hedge ale-house. It was that served for brewhouse, lumber-room, and pantry; but alas, a pantry *degarnie*! But if I had no victuals, I had music; it was Whit-Monday, and a party of strolling Ziguiner musicians had fixed their quarters here for the night. Their instrument is the fiddle. I knew I could sleep in spite of it, I set it at defiance, and threw myself upon my bed. I hardly was there, when lo! the bag-pipe, the bag-pipe itself, to my great surprize and vexation, began to make itself heard. Whether the divine musician, who brought forth the thrilling sounds, was descended from any of the noted Highland pipers, I know not; this I know, that a more frightful noise I never heard, I thought I should have had the meagrim; but its monotony, in some degree, mitigated its *antiseptische* powers, and I slept; and in the morning, when I intended to have enquired of him of what *school* he was, I found he was off.

This frightful instrument is common in many parts of Europe. In Sicily, when the shepherds about Christmas leave their hills, and come into the great towns, they bring their bag-pipes, and then no language can express the ungrateful noise they make. Woe to those who are subject to the head-ach! But *de gestibus non est disputandum*.

What are the CAUSES which produce, in the MINDS of MEN, a CONTEMPT for the FEMALE CHARACTER?

“**L**OVE,” says Mr. Burke, in his Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, “approaches much nearer to contempt than is commonly imagined.”—There was a time when an assertion like this would have scarcely excited remark; but it is otherwise now. This age, so distinguished for a spirit of enquiry, is awakened to science and reflection by circumstances that were once deemed unworthy of philosophical attention. I have often reflected with considerable pain on the unhappiness of most married people; at the same time I have seen, that such infelicity has originated from a disgust matured by contempt. Is it not worth consideration, why men, who possess the most ardent affection and admiration for one of an opposite sex, should secretly view her, whom they thus admire and love, with inferiority and disdain?

So numerous, and, to a common observer, so contradictory, are the passions of the human heart, that it seems difficult to follow their course, and impossible to unfold their connection. They clash while they accord—they are regulated though eccentric—and the whole of their motive may be traced to the principle of *self*, as their every pursuit would terminate in individual gratification. Happily for society, the individual ceases to *live* when his interest is unconnected with them; and in very few instances is that interest in opposition to their's. Now, in enumerating the causes by which the fair sex are subjected to contempt, perhaps the sentiment of self forms an object of peculiar force.

Man, from history, tradition, and from prejudice, easily perceives, that the gentler sex have been held in comparative subjection: that the general effeminacy of their manners has produced a relative opinion of their minds; and that, even where opportunity has been offered,

ferred, by civilization and literature, for their mental elevation, they have neglected to improve the offer. The consequences of these sentiments are obvious. Such is the product of a general contemplation of our species. Let us descend to ordinary life, where this prospect overcasts the scene. Full of these prepossessions so inimical to woman, lordly man here indulges the full right of prescription.

Admiration is the prelude to contempt. Our expectations have been raised too high; we have seen every thing through the medium of passion: passion subsides, and the fairy land of fancy is no more. Woman has weaknesses; and those weaknesses, once the source of our delight, become intimate and repulsive. Even affectation had its charms: now, affectation would complete our aversion; and the delicacies of affection are too often considered as affectation. This is a melancholy reverse, but it is a reverse which happens every day. Sentiment must be allied to sensation, or love will prove as deceitful as it is impure. But how comes it, that the majority of males, who are not supposed to have entertained the passion of love, despise the fair?

It is an error to grant, that the majority of males have not been in love. They have not been directed to any particular choice, but they have known nearly as much of what passes for love, as those who pretend to have felt it. A personal admiration of the sex is the extent of most men's love. This is cultivated by the appearance of every pretty woman, whose agreeable person gives birth to many lavish encomiums, while her eulogist, in the calmer moments of thought, disclaims his encomiums and rejects their object. With respect to sensible men who appear to despise women of sense, the causes are partly undefinable. It can only proceed either from not being perfectly acquainted with the character of such a female; or, too intimately acquainted with her, he finds, that among a number of excellen-

cies,

cies, she has some foibles peculiar to her sex, which, as they are unknown to himself, entitle him to imaginary consequence. There is too a particle of pride concerned in this transaction. He may have candour enough to know, that the wisdom which he admires excels his own, while he cannot support the comparison. Those who are read in their own feelings need no illustration on this head.

And who will not feel for the situation of a sex so unjustly estimated, and so delicately miserable? Are they the votaries of folly? The odium which they incur seems equitable and merited: the coquettes of a day? Their inconstancy is the scorn of virtue. Yet, asserting the true grandeur of their nature, let them cultivate the friendship of the Muses, and unite moral with personal beauty, till the latter appears like the colours of the rainbow, but an assurance of immortal hopes, they will be envied where they ought to be loved, and hated where they cannot be imitated.

Such are some of the "Causes of the Contempt for the Female Character." To have given them more explicit and faithfully, would have required an analysis of the human mind, connected with history and experience. Enquiring persons may, perhaps, gather something from the hints I have here thrown out; and Sensibility will be somewhat distressed at the conclusion which I am compelled to draw—That, till a different system of education shall influence the feminine virtues, and a benignant and philosophical morality expand the views, and dignify the affections of mankind, the "Causes" which I have now exposed must prejudice the most lovely of our species.

P.

RISE

RISE AND PROGRESS
OF THE
PRESENT SYSTEM OF GAMING.

(From the *Fourth* Edition of the *Treatise on the Police*.)

SINCE the first appearance of this volume, the author having experienced the most unqualified approbation communicated to him by several of the highest characters, as well as some of the ablest and best informed men in the metropolis, has made use of various opportunities to develope, in a more minute degree, the rise and progress of the present extensive system of Gaming in the metropolis, as well as the enormous evils which spring from this source—a system which cannot be contemplated without horror and alarm; since the peace and happiness of innocent families—the morals and safety of the younger part of the community educated in genteel life—and the utter ruin of thousands—are involved in the baneful operation of this vast machine of destruction; which, from small beginnings, has, within the last twenty years, grown into such a mass of systematic mischief, as to threaten to draw into its vortex a very considerable proportion of the circulating property of the metropolis.

Previous to the years 1777 and 1778, Gaming, although at all times an object (as appears from the statute-books) highly deserving attention, and calling for the exertions of Magistrates, never appeared either to have assumed so alarming an aspect, or to have been conducted upon the methodized system of partnership-concerns, wherein pecuniary capitals are embarked, till after that period, when the vast licence which was given to those abominable engines of fraud, E O tables, and the great length of time which elapsed before a check was given to them by the police, afforded a number of dissolute and abandoned characters, who resorted to these baneful subterfuges for support, an opportunity

of acquiring property : this was afterwards increased in low Gaming-houses, and by following up the same system at Newmarket, and other places of fashionable resort, and in the Lottery : until at length, without any property at the outset, or any visible means of lawful support, a sum of money, little short of *One Million Sterling*, is said to have been acquired by a class of individuals originally (with some few exceptions) of the lowest and most depraved order of society. This enormous mass of wealth (acquired, no doubt, by entailing misery on many worthy and respectable families, and of driving the unhappy victims to acts of desperation and suicide, is now said to be engaged as a great and an efficient capital for carrying on various illegal establishments; particularly Gaming-houses, and Shops for fraudulent Insurances in the Lottery; together with such objects of dissipation as the Races at Newmarket, and other places of *fashionable* resort, hold out : all which are employed as the means of increasing and improving the ill-gotten wealth of the parties engaged in these nefarious pursuits.

A system, grown to such an enormous height, had, of course, its rise by progressive advances. Several of those who now roll in their gaudy carriages, and associate with some men of high rank and fashion, may be found upon the registers of the Old Bailey; or traced to the vagrant pursuit of turning, with their own hands, E O tables in the open streets. These mischievous members of society, through the wealth obtained by a course of procedure diametrically opposite to law, are, by a strange perversion, sheltered from the operation of that justice, which every act of their lives has offended : they bask in the sun-shine of prosperity; while thousands, who owe their distress and ruin to the horrid designs thus *executed, invigorated, and extended*, are pining in misery and want.

Certain it is, that the mischiefs arising from the rapid increase, and from the vast extent, of capital now employed

employed in these systems of ruin and depravity, have become great and alarming beyond calculation; as will be evinced by developing the nature of the very dangerous confederacy which systematically moves and directs this vast machine of destruction—composed in general of men who have been reared and educated under the influence of every species of depravity which can debase the human character.

Wherever interest or resentment suggest to their minds a line of conduct calculated to gratify any base or illegal propensity, it is immediately indulged. Some are taken into this iniquitous partnership for their dexterity in securing the dice; or in dealing cards at Pharo. Informers are apprehended and imprisoned upon writs, obtained by perjury, to deter others from similar attacks. Witnesses are suborned—officers of justice are bribed, wherever it can be done, by large sums of money *—ruffians and bludgeon men are employed to resist the Civil Power, where pecuniary gratuities fail—and houses are barricadoed and guarded by armed men: thereby offering defiance to the common exertions of the laws, and opposing the regular authority of magistrates.

It

* An Affidavit, recently made in one of the superior Courts of Justice, illustrates this observation in a very striking degree. It is in these words—"That it is almost impossible to convict persons keeping Gaming-houses before the magistrates, by reason of the enormous wealth generally applied to the corruption of unwilling evidence brought forward to support the charge—That on an information exhibited against one of the partners of a Gaming-house, he got himself discharged by deterring some of the witnesses from appearing, and by the perjury of another partner, who was examined as a witness, and for which he then stood indicted—That divers of these Gaming-houses were kept by practising attornies, who, by threatening indictments for pretended conspiracies, and other infamous means, have deterred persons from prosecuting them."

Y

It is impossible to contemplate a confederacy thus circumstanced, so powerful from its immense pecuniary resources, and so mischievous and oppressive from the depravity which directs these resources, without feeling an anxiety to see the strong arm of the law exerted for the purpose of effectually destroying it.

Whilst one part of the immense property by which this confederacy is so strongly fortified is employed in the establishment of *Gaming Houses*, holding out the most fascinating allurements to giddy young *men* of fortune, and others having access to money, by means of splendid entertainments*, and regular suppers, with abundance of the choicest wines, so as to form a genteel lounge for the dissipated and unwary; another part of the capital is said to form the stock which composes the various *Pharo-Banks* which are to be found at the routes of *Ladies of Fashion*: Thus drawing into this vortex of iniquity and ruin, not only the *males*, but also the *females* of the giddy and opulent part of society; who too easily become a prey to that thoughtless vanity which frequently overpowers reason and reflection; nor is the delusion terminated till it is often too late.

Evil example, when thus sanctioned by apparent respectability, and by the dazzling blandishments of rank and fashion, is so intoxicating to those who have either suddenly acquired riches, or who are young and inexperienced, that it almost ceases to be matter of wonder that the fatal propensity to Gaming has become so universal; extending itself over all ranks in society in a degree scarcely to be credited, but by those who will attentively investigate the subject.

* The expence of entertainments at a gaming-house of the highest class, during the eight months of the last season, has been said to exceed *six thousand guineas*! What must the profits be to afford such a profusion?

At

At the commencement of the troubles in France, and before this country was visited by the hordes of Emigrants of all descriptions, who fixed a temporary or permanent residence in this metropolis, the number of gaming houses (exclusive of those that are select, and have long been established by subscription,) did not exceed above *four or five*: at the present moment, above *thirty* are said to be actually open; where, besides *Pharoh* and *Hazard*, the foreign games of *Roulet*, and *Rouge et Noir*, have been partly introduced; and where there exists a regular gradation of establishment, accommodating to all ranks; from the man of fashion, down to the thief, the burglar, and the pick-pocket—where immense sums of money are played for every evening, for eight months in the year, and from whence incalculable mischiefs arise*.

In a commercial country, and in a great metropolis, where, from the vast extent of its trade and manufactures, and from the periodical issue of above twenty millions annually, arising from dividends on funded security, there must be an immense circulation of property, the danger is not to be conceived, from the allurements which are thus held out to young men in business, having the command of money, as well as to the clerks of merchants, bankers, and others concerned in different branches of trade: in fact, it is well known, that too many of this class resort at present

* The latter part of the affidavit, already mentioned, also illustrates these assertions, and proves that they are but too well founded. It states—"That gaming-houses have increased to such a degree, that there were lately not less than six in one street near the Hay Market, at all which persons stood at the door to entice passengers to play—That the generality of persons keeping these houses are *prize-fighters*, and persons of a desperate description, who threaten assassination to any person who will molest them."

to these destructive scenes of vice, idleness, and misfortune.*.

The mind shrinks with horror at the existence of a system in the metropolis, unknown to our ancestors, even in the worst periods of their dissipation; when a *Ward*, a *Waters*, and a *Chartres*, insulted public morals by their vices and their crimes: for then no regular establishments—no systematic concerns for carrying on this nefarious trade, were known.—Partnership in gaming-houses, conducted on the principles of commercial establishments, is a new idea in this country; and, until the last seven or eight years, had very little footing in the metropolis.

But these partnerships are not confined to gaming-houses alone. A considerable proportion of the immense capital which the conductors of the system possess, is employed periodically in the *two lotteries*, in *fraudulent insurances*, where, like the Pharo Bank, the chances are so calculated as to yield about 30 *per cent.* profit to the gambling proprietors; and, from the extent to which these transactions are carried, no doubt can be entertained that the annual gains must be immense.—It has, indeed, been stated, with an appearance of truth, that one individual acquired no less than 60,000*l.* by the last English lottery!

* The same affidavit further states—"That the principal gaming houses at the West end of the town have stated days on which they have luxurious dinners, (Sunday being the chief day,) to which they contrive to get invited merchants' and bankers' clerks, and other persons intrusted with money; and that it had been calculated, (and the calculation was believed nor to be over-rated,) that the expences attendant on such houses amounted to 150,000*l.* yearly, and that the keepers of such houses, by means of their enormous wealth, bid defiance to all prosecutions, some of them having acquired from 50 to 100,000*l.* each; considerable estates having been frequently won by them in the course of one sitting."

(To be continued.)

THE DRAMA.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

DRURY-LANE.

FEB. 21. *Purse*—Children in the Wood—Sylvester
Daggerwood—Lodoiska.

22. *Tempest*—Scotch Ghost—My Grandmother.

The cast of this play evinces a very just taste in the managers. Palmer's Prospero, though we cannot think it equal to Bensley's, is certainly an interesting performance. The playful and innocent Dorinda received every support from the acting of Miss Farren; and Mrs. Powell, as the representative of the youthful Hippolita, exerted considerable talent.

FEB. 23. *Heirefs*—No Song No Supper.

24. *Tamerlane*—Friend in Need.

25. *School for Scandal*—Lodoiska.

27. *Coriolanus*—Shipwreck.

Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, in the parts of Coriolanus and Volumnia, were, this evening, as they always are in these characters—every thing the warmest imagination can paint: the whole of the performance was very respectable.

FEB. 28. *Tempest*—Lodoiska.

MAR. 2. *Tamerlane*—Scotch Ghost—Lodoiska.

4. *Much Ado about Nothing*—Friend in Need.

6. *Cymbeline*—(first time) The Labyrinth; or the Country Madcap—(first time) Cape St. Vincent; or British Valour Triumphant.

'The Labyrinth' is a ballet after the manner of the Scotch Ghost; but in point of merit, by no means to be compared with that piece: some parts are too long, others flat and insipid; and, upon the whole, it does not possess sufficient variety to become a lasting favourite of the public.

'Cape St. Vincent,' a revived effusion of loyalty, altered from '*The First of June*;' as a temporary piece, met with, and deserved, its share of applause.

MAR. 7. *Tamerlane*—Sylvester Daggerwood—Cape St. Vincent.

9. *Cape St. Vincent*—Sylvester Daggerwood—Labyrinth—Purse—Lodoiska.

11. *Grecian Daughter*—Apprentice—Cape St. Vincent.

We cannot omit noticing the exertions of Mrs. Siddons; we have often seen her in the character of Euphrasia, but never to more advantage than on this evening. The whole of the performance was excellent, and met with the approbation of a more fashionable and crowded audience than we have lately seen.

MAR. 13. *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*—Labyrinth—Lodoiska.

14. *Macbeth*—My Grandmother—Cape St. Vincent.

16. *Know Your Own Mind*—Scotch Ghost—Cape St. Vincent.

18. *Tempest*—Lodoiska.

20. *Othello*—Scotch Ghost—Cape St. Vincent.

COVENT GARDEN.

- FEB. 21. *Abroad and at Home*—Harlequin and Oberon.
 22. *Cure for the Heart Ache*—Bantry Bay—Deaf Lover.
 23. *Ditto*—*Ditto*—Cross Purposes.
 24. *Ditto*—Harlequin and Oberon.
 25. *Ditto*—Bantry Bay—Two Strings to Your Bow.
 27. (*By Command of their Majesties*) *Rivals*—Doldrum.
 28. *A Cure for the Heart Ache*—Bantry Bay—Prisoner at Large.
 MAR. 2. *Ditto*—Harlequin and Oberon.
 4. (first time) *Wives as they Were, and Maids as they Are*—Wicklow Mountains.

On this evening a new Comedy, from the pen of Mrs. Inchbald, was brought forward for the first time at this theatre, under the attractive title of “*Wives as they Were, and Maids as they Are.*” The *Dramatis Personæ* consist of

Lord Priory	- - - - -	Mr. Quick.
Sir William Doriland	- - - - -	Mr. Munden.
Sir George Evelin	- - - - -	Mr. Pope.
Mr. Naubrey	- - - - -	Mr. Waddy.
Mr. Bronsley	- - - - -	Mr. Lewis.
Oliver	- - - - -	Mr. Fawcett.
Lady Priory	- - - - -	Miss Chapman.
Lady Mary Raffle	- - - - -	Mrs. Mattocks.
And Maria Doriland	- - - - -	Miss Wallis.

Sir William Doriland, at the decease of his lady, embarks for the East Indies, leaving his infant daughter, Maria, under the guardianship of Mr. Naubrey. After an absence of nearly eighteen years, he returns, and wishing

wishing to discover her way and disposition, conceals a project with Mr. Naubrey of residing at his house, under the assumed name of *Mandrite*. The dissipated course which he sees her pursue with her companion Lady Mary, and the shadowy prospect which he perceives of reclaiming her, determine him immediately to quit the country; but he is dissuaded from it by Mr. Naubrey. In the course of the piece, Miss Doriland is arrested for the sum of five hundred pounds by one of her creditors, in which dilemma she flies to Mr. Mandrite for protection, who, on this occasion, relinquishes all the ties of a parent, and assumes those of a more rigid and obdurate nature; for instead of bailing her for the sum, he delivers her up to the officer. Mr. Mandrite having now finally resolved on re-embarking for the Indies, proceeds first to take leave of his daughter. On his arrival at the prison, he presents her with a thousand pounds; but on his informing her, that her father is in distress, she consents to stay in prison, and implores him to take back the money, and convey it to her father. This mark of filial piety gains so much on the old man, that he forgives her former indiscretion, and takes her under his protection.

At the commencement of the piece, Lord Priory—an admirer of simple manners, and his lady—the representative of *Wives as they Were*, arrive from the country, and take up their residence at Mr. Naubrey's, whose house becomes the scene of action. The other characters have no connection with the *plot* of the piece, but with the incidents that arise from it. Sir George Evelin, a worthy young Baronet, is the admirer of Miss Doriland; Bronsley, a libertine, and the gambling companion of Lady Mary and Miss Doriland; and Oliver, a facetious old servant of Lord Priory's.

Authors, after having been carried away for some time by the tide of success, frequently become indifferent to their future productions. We know not whether this be the case with Mrs. Inchbald, but circum-

stances

stances justify us, at least, in the conjecture; for this comedy possesses scarcely an incident or sentiment to indicate that it was produced by the author of "Every One has his Fault," and "Such Things Are." The plot (if it deserves such appellation) is feeble and languid; the incidents are frivolous and unnatural; and the language often coarse and inelegant. The manager has done much for the author in the cast of character, and the performers all exerted themselves to render the piece interesting; but without effect. We wish, for the reputation of Mrs. Inchbald, it had never been brought forward.

MAR. 6. *Wives as they Were, and Maids as they Are*
—Harlequin and Oberon.

7. *Ditto*—Bantry Bay—Poor Soldier.

9. *Ditto*—*Ditto*—Midnight Hour.

11. *Ditto*—Harlequin and Oberon.

13. *Ditto*—Bantry Bay—Romp.

14. *Ditto*—*Ditto*—Poor Sailor.

16. *Ditto*—(first time) Raymond and Agnes;
or, the Castle of Lindenberg.

This ballet is founded on a principal episode in the popular romance of the 'Monk'; and judiciously adapted to stage representation by Mr. Farley. The incidents are at once grand and interesting, and the story admirably calculated to keep awake the attention of an audience. The music is a *chef d'œuvre* of Reeve's, and well suited to the different incidents: we only wish that Agnes's song had been more of a recitative, for, as it is, the story of the Bleeding Nun is totally lost. Delpini, Follett, and particularly Mad. de la Croix, exerted themselves with considerable effect: the latter will prove a valuable acquisition to this theatre.

MAR. 18. *Wives as they Were, and Maids as they Are*—Raymond and Agnes.

20. *A Cure for the Heart Ache*—*Ditto*.

ORA-

ORATORIOS.

COVENT GARDEN.

MAR. 3. *Messiah.*

We believe the Oratorios of Covent Garden Theatre never had a greater claim upon public patronage than in the present season. With such enchanting vocal performers as Madame Mara, Miss Poole, and Braham, assisted by the Ashleys—those proficient in instrumental music, the managers may expect to meet with the most liberal encouragement.—Signora Galli, who is verging on her seventy-sixth year, sung the favourite air—“*He was despised*,” which was originally composed for her by Mr. Handel, when he first had the management of the Oratorios at this theatre. In the prime of life she must have possessed extraordinary powers, but at present, it is not her *fine singing*, but her *extreme age*, assisted by the generous feelings of a British audience, which procure her so much applause.

The chorusses are not such as would give satisfaction to a musical amateur: in this department we must endeavour to be content with *noise* and *bawling*, instead of *sense* and *science*:—they are not, however, worse than usual.

MAR. 10. *Sacred Selections.*15. *Alexander's Feast*—Selections.

“*Alexander's Feast*” was this evening performed in a style of scientific excellence seldom excelled. We never recollect being present at a musical performance that gave us more real pleasure; that elevated the mind, exhilarated the fancy, or played more successfully upon the passions, than the inimitable ode of Dryden, as it was this evening performed.

MAR.

MAR. 17. *L' Allegro, Ed Il Pensieroso*—Selections.

"*L' Allegro*" was performed this evening in a manner which occasions us to regret the manager's intention of not repeating it; the execution was such as must give satisfaction to every scientific admirer. The air, "*Softly rise*," was sung with much taste and feeling by Braham; and we were agreeably surprised with the song of "*Verdi Prati*," by Signora Galli, which was certainly a most astonishing effort for a woman of her age. A concerto on the grand piano forte, by Miss M'Arthur, was much applauded for its taste and execution; and the concerto on the clarinet, by Mr. Mahon, gave us an high opinion of his talent. We must, however, observe, that the concertos are generally prolonged to a tedious length:—to all but epicures, it is better to arise from a feast with an appetite, than to have the sense palled by satiety.

*Retrospect of NEW PERFORMERS, and Old Performers
in New Parts.*

MARCH 6.—A young Lady of the name of Worthington, sister-in-law to Beechy, the artist, made her *debut* this evening on the boards of Drury Lane Theatre, in the difficult character of Imogen, in Shakespeare's tragedy of "*Cymbeline*." She appeared extremely timid, and much embarrassed, on her first entrance; but as she gained confidence, she became more attractive. Her voice is mellow, though rather weak, and at present wants modulation: we do not perceive any traces of a Siddons in the features of this lady: her mouth is rather large, and there is not sufficient expression in her countenance for the higher walks of tragedy. She possesses, however, a graceful figure, her manner is perfectly genteel and easy, and we entertain
flattering

flattering hopes that she will become a valuable acquisition to the theatre.

Since the decease of Mrs. Pope, Mr. Holman has taken the part originally performed by Mr. Pope, in Mrs. Inchbald's comedy; and, when we consider the insignificance of the part, it must be confessed, that he makes as much of it as possible. Mr. Middleton is the successor of Mr. Pope, in the character of Charles Stanley, in "*The Cure for the Heart Ache*."

This Theatre has, during the present month, experienced an almost irreparable loss in the death of Mrs. Pope. Some account of this truly eminent woman, accompanied with her portrait, will be given in our next Number.

The interesting Mrs. Lee will also be heard no more.

THE MASKED BALL

At the King's Theatre, Haymarket, had like merit with the Masquerade, as noticed in our last Number.

The Benefit of the Musical Fund, given at this house, was respectably conducted, and respectably attended.

Literary Review.

ART. I. *A Letter from the Right Hon. Edmund Burke to his Grace the Duke of Portland: containing 54 Articles of Impeachment against the Right Hon. Charles James Fox. From the original Copy, in the possession of the Noble Duke.* 8vo. 2s. 6d. Owen, 1797.

NOT only would it be extremely indelicate, but, under an Inhibition from the Court of Chancery, highly improper in us to make any remarks on the contents of this publication: yet the curiosity of the public is awakened; and, while obeying the mandate of the Law, we may possibly disappoint our readers. They will judge of our situation.—The origin of this Letter, (we speak of its birth at the shop of Mr. Owen) is, at the best, dark and unpleasing. Mr. Burke is, no doubt, the author of it; but it comes not forward with his sanction. He is at present confined by sickness: time, which may renovate his health, may also solve the present mystery.

ART. II. *A View of the Causes and Consequences of the present War with France. By the Hon. Thomas Erskine.* The 22d edition. pp. 138. 2s. Debrett, 1797.

SOLITARY has been the number of those characters who combined in their own labours the orator and the writer. Most men, influenced by the general opinion, that a chosen few only are capable of personifying the graces of public eloquence and literary composition,

VOL. I. Z

position, deem it a sort of presumption to attempt such a combination of excellence. Yet that the attempt has not ever proved abortive, but that men may embrace such an individual portion of merit, is sufficiently established from past history and present example.

From a publication which is already in the hands of every reader of taste, numerous extracts would be superfluous. A few specimens from the many, which we are inclined to prefer, are necessary to the justification of our remarks.

Parallel between the state of France at the commencement of its Revolution, and that of England at the rise of the Commonwealth.

“ Had it not therefore been for our unhappy interference, royalists of the old school, and royalists of the monarchical revolution, bending before the storm of national opinion, and seeing no great standard hoisted for their protection, would have really or seemingly acquiesced in the new order of things; they would have given little offence or jealousy to the state; and, what is far more important, the state itself, unimpelled by the terrors of revolt and the expences of war, would not have had the same irresistible motives for seizing upon the persons and property of its subjects; and thus numerous classes of men, possessing dignities and property, which have been chased from their country, or swept off the face of the earth, would have remained within the bosom of France, inactive, indeed, for the present, but whose silent and progressive influence hereafter might have greatly affected the temper, if not the form of the government, at no very distant period.

“ This was precisely the case in England upon the death of Charles the First: the nobles and great men of the realm submitted to the protectorship of Cromwell, and Europe acquiesced in it. Cromwell, therefore, executed his authority according to the new forms, but **without** any system of proscription. The high men of the ~~former~~ period continued to exist, and with all the influences of property, which remained with its ancient possessors: the monarchy might, therefore, be said to have been rather in abeyance than abolished, and when the return of Charles was planned and executed, every thing

thing stood in its place, and conspired to favour his restoration. But if the nations of Europe had then unsuccessfully combined to restore monarchy in England, as they have lately to restore it in France, the consequences would have been exactly similar. The monarchical party in England would have undoubtedly flocked to the standard: they would have endeavoured by force, or by intrigue, to dissolve the commonwealth; those who were taken would have been executed as traitors—others would have been driven out of England as emigrants; their great estates would have passed into other hands; a title to them would have been made by the new government to those who, as in France, became the creditors of the public during an exhausting war; the whole body of nobility and great landed proprietors would have perished in England; and Charles the Second could no more have landed at Dover than Louis the Eighteenth could offer himself before Calais at this moment."

After enumerating those causes which, in Mr. Erskine's judgment, have tended to increase dissatisfaction, he proceeds:

"The cause of this bold appeal to an enlightened country is obvious. If the question be asked, in what the excellence of every human government must consist; the answer from civilized man throughout the world must be invariable and universal. It is that which secures the ends of civil society with the fewest restraints and at the least expence. This is undoubtedly true government. This is that system of rule and order in society, existing by express or tacit consent, however it may have at first begun, or by whatever progress it may have become established, which secures the greatest number of benefits and enjoyments, and which secures them permanently; which imposes the fewest possible restraints beyond those which a sound, moral, and a wise police, ought to suggest in every country, and which leaves the subject in full possession of all that industry or harmless chance can bring along with them, subject only to the ordinary internal expences of a frugal government, and the extraordinary contributions, to secure its preservation and independence. This was once the emphatical description of the English government, but it is insensibly

Z 2

ceasing

ceasing to be so: not that the constitution is lost; but that its inestimable object is in the course of being sacrificed to a false and pretended zeal for its preservation. Taxation, as I have just observed, is the universal price which must universally be paid as a security for a national establishment; but there are limits to every thing: if by rash and unnecessary wars, and by a venal system of expenditure, even in times of peace the revenue gets to the point which, *without instant repentance and reformation*, is fast approaching; the nation (by which I mean the great mass and body of the people) can have no longer any possible interest in the defence or preservation of their government: for if this system of finance is persisted in, what has government in the end to secure? Not the property of the people derived from their industry, but the property of the public creditor, to whom that industry is pledged; and thus all the majesty and dignity of the state may degenerate into a mere machinery, necessary to protect the legalized incumbrance by further burdens on the subject, whose labour and existence are mortgaged."

It is the intent of Mr. E. by the following comparison, to evince the unreasonableness of our conduct in the late negotiation:

"Let us assimilate a contest with a nation composed of men, to a quarrel with an individual man, in so rude a state of society as that there should be no certain law to give a rule for both. The analogy is a close one, because nations have no common superior. If, instead of differing with a man upon some intelligible point of controversy, some distinct claim of possession violated, or some personal insult unredressed, and for which I demanded satisfaction, I should proclaim him as a wretch unfit for the exercise of social life, combine all his neighbours to destroy his dwelling, and invite his children and servants to rob and murder him, until insulted nature, summoning up more than ordinary strength, might enable him to resist the conspiracy, to enlarge his boundaries on the side from whence the attacks had been made, and to set his house in order for the return of domestic life:—suppose I should then suddenly affect to see a great change in him, and were to declare that I now found him to be a man capable of neighbour-

hood,

hood, and that if he would restore to his neighbours what he had taken from them, I would be at peace with him. Whilst human nature is human nature, what answer might I expect? He would say, undoubtedly—If I believed you to be sincere, and that you and my neighbours, against whom I have been compelled to take security, were in earnest to keep the peace with me, I might be disposed to listen to your proposition. I told you originally that I had no wish to enlarge my boundaries, and that I only desired to be at peace; but now, if I remove it, what security have I, that, when your bruises are healed, brought on by your own violence, I may not be the victim of a fresh conspiracy, when I may be less able to resist it? I must, therefore, keep what you compelled me for my own security to occupy. I have, besides, borrowed money upon the property I was thus entitled to take; the occupants have laid out money on them; they assisted me in my distress; they prevented my utter ruin by your conspiracy; and I have sworn not to desert them. This would be the answer of every man, and of every nation under heaven, when the proud provokers of strife are the baffled proposers of peace.

Mr. Burke.

“ When an extraordinary person appears in the world, and adds to its lights by superior maxims of policy and wisdom, he cannot afterwards destroy their benefits by any contradictions, real or apparent, in his reasonings or in his conduct. We are not to receive the works of men as revelations, but as the chequered productions of our imperfect nature, from which, by the help of our own reasonings, we are seasonably to separate the good from the evil. This is the true course to be taken with all human authorities. It is a poor triumph to discover that man is not perfect, and an imprudent use of the discovery to reject his wisdom, when the very fault we find with his infirmities is, that they tend to deprive us of its advantages. Differing wholly from Mr. Burke, and lamenting the consequences of his late writings, I always think of the books and of the author in this kind of temper. Indeed when I look into my own mind, and find its best lights and principles fed from that immense magazine of moral and political wisdom, which he has left as an inheritance to mankind

for their instruction, I feel myself repelled, by an awful and grateful sensibility, from petulantly approaching him*.

"I recollect that his late writings cannot deceive me, because his former ones have fortified me against their deceptions. When I look besides at his inveterate consistency, even to this hour, when all support from men and things have been withdrawn from him; when I compare him with those who took up his errors only for their own convenience, and for the same convenience laid them down again, he rises to such a deceptive height from the comparison, that with my eyes fixed upon ministers, I view him as if upon an eminence too high to be approached.

Perspicuity in narrative, force in reasoning, chastity and elegance of style, and mildness and liberality in sentiment, are the distinguishing features of this admirable tract.—It is a history of the present war.—Whoever shall attend to the progress of these dreadful hostilities, as represented by Mr. Erskine, will heave many a melancholy sigh for the distresses of his country, and the sorrows of afflicted Europe. He will *feel* the miseries of his race; and feeling them, he will hover with many painful forebodings over the conclusion drawn by Mr. Erskine.—"Without peace, and peace on a permanent basis, this nation, with all the trade which the world will furnish, cannot support her establishments, and must pass through bankruptcy into the jaws of revolution."

* If reference is had to the arguments of the author during the state trials, in the trial of Mr. Paine, and upon several other occasions, he will be found to have uniformly pursued this course with regard to Mr. Burke.

ART. III. *Poems: By Robert Southey.* Sm. 8vo. pp. 120. 5s. boards, Robinsons, 1797.

WHOEVER is acquainted with this writer's "*Joan of Arc*," will open the present volume full of expectation. Nor will that expectation be deceived.

SONNET

SONNET V. On the Slave Trade.

" Did then the bold Slave rear at last the sword
 Of vengeance ? Drench'd he deep its thirsty blade
 In the cold bosom of his tyrant lord ?
 Oh ! who shall blame him ? Thro' the midnight shade,
 Still o'er his tortur'd memory rush'd the thought
 Of every past delight ; his native grove,
 Friendship's best joys, and Liberty and Love,
 All lost for ever ! Then Remembrance wrought
 His soul to madness ; round his restless bed
 Freedom's pale spectre stalk'd, with a stern smile
 Pointing the wounds of slavery, the while
 She shook her chains, and hung her sullen head :
 No more on heaven he calls with fruitless breath,
 But sweetens, with revenge, the draught of death."

Page 111. The Unfortunate Fair.

" Hard by the road, where on that little mound
 The high grass rustles to the passing breeze,
 The child of Misery rests her head in peace.
 Pause there in sadness. That unhallowed ground
 Infringes what once was Isabel. Sleep on,
 Sleep on, poor outcast ! Lovely was thy cheek,
 And thy mild eye was eloquent to speak
 The soul of pity. Pale, and woe-begone,
 Soon did thy fair cheek fade, and thine eye weep
 The tear of anguish for the babe unborn,
 The helpless heir of poverty and scorn.
 She drank the draught that chill'd her soul to sleep.
 I pause, and wipe the big drop from mine eye,
 Whilst the proud Levite scowls, and passes by."

A plaintive sweetness, however, is one of Mr. Southey's peculiar charms.

P. 44. To my own Miniature Picture, taken at two years of age.

" And I was once like this ! That glowing cheek
 Was mine ; those pleasure-sparkling eyes, that brow
 Smooth as the level lake, when not a breeze
 Dies o'er the sleeping surface ! Twenty years
 Have wrought strange alteration ! Of the friends

Who

Who once so dearly prized this miniature,
 And loved it for its likeness, some are gone
 To their last home; and some, estranged in heart,
 Beholding me with quick-averted glance,
 Pass on the other side! But still these hues
 Remain unalter'd, and these features wear
 The look of infancy and innocence.
 I search myself in vain, and find no trace
 Of what I was: those lightly-arching lines,
 Dark and o'erhanging now; and that mild face
 Settled in these strong lineaments!"

In Botany-Bay Eclogues, is the following affecting speech of Elinor, p. 78.

"Why, stern Remembrance! must thine iron hand
 Harrow my soul? Why calls thy cruel power
 The fields of England to my exil'd eyes,
 The joys which once were mine? Even now I see
 The lowly lovely dwelling! even now
 Behold the woodbine clasping its white walls,
 And hear the fearless red-breasts chirp around
 To ask their morning meal—For I was wont,
 With friendly hand, to give their morning meal,
 Was wont to love their song, when lingering morn
 Streak'd o'er the chilly landscape the dim light,
 And thro' the open'd lattice hung my head
 To view the snow-drop's bud; and thence, at eve,
 When mildly fading sunk the summer sun,
 Oft have I lov'd to mark the rook's slow course
 And hear his hollow croak, what time he sought
 The church-yard elm, whose wide-embowering boughs
 Full foliage'd, half conceal'd the house of God.
 There, my dead father! often have I heard
 Thy hallowed voice explain the wondrous works
 Of heaven to sinful man. Ah, little deem'd
 Thy virtuous bosom, that thy shameless child
 So soon should spurn the lesson! sink the slave
 Of vice and infamy! the hireling prey
 Of brutal appetite! At length, worn out
 With famine, and the avenging scourge of guilt,
 Should dare dishonesty—yet dread to die!"

Simple

Simple poetry, or ballad, has claimed the attention of Mr. S. and the manner in which he has exemplified the old English stanza, is highly creditable even to the author of "Joan of Arc." "Mary" is exquisite; such, also, are several verses in the poem of "Rudiger." So unjust is the assertion, that epic writers are above the lesser graces of poetry—lesser only in *name*. The true poet is alternately inspired by the *tender* and the *sublime*; and, as either predominate, he varies the nature of his compositions. In parting with Mr. S. we cannot neglect this sentence:—"I now think the Ode," says he, "the most worthless species of composition, as well as the most difficult." If by this Mr. S. means, that the Ode is the most worthless *because* the most difficult species of composition, he has darkly expressed his meaning: but if he means, that it is "the most *worthless* species of composition as well as the most difficult," while the Bardic pages of England's immortality contain a Dryden and a Gray, and while these days (*deemed* those of poetical declension) present us with the emanations of a Coleridge, we cannot subscribe to his opinion.

ART. IV. *The Neapolitan; or, The Test of Integrity: A Novel. By Ellen of Exeter.* 3 vol. sewed. Lane, 1797.

ELLEN (if she be) of Exeter, will far from disgrace the fruitful genius of Devon. The plot of this Novel is well contrived; the incidents are numerous and striking, though not improbable; and the *denouement* is artfully and interestingly concealed to the very last: the language, also, is generally above, never below mediocrity.

ART.

ART. V. *Vaurien; or, Sketches of the Times: exhibiting Views of the Philosophers, Religions, Politics, Literature, and Manners of the Age*, 2 vol. 8s. sewed. Cadell and Davis, and Murray and Highley, 1797.

AS a specimen of some philosophical conversations, take the following:

Mr. Subtile,

"But the dome that is to cover the splendid fabric of philosophy, the *ne plus ultra* of metaphysics, is "A demonstration of the non-existence of the being, vulgarly denominated God." And this I prove by the order and concatenation visible in the works of nature. Mirabeau has done the same; but his "système" will not be recognised in mine. I had my choice to prove it, by the disorder and irregularity. But the other, by falling in with the popular opinion, is the more ingenious, and the more novel.

"Here Mr. Johnson interrupted the philosopher by a loud uncivil hem; it was what Johnson calls a most sudden and violent extirpation of the breath; while Mr. Sympathy (who had invented a new religion) rising in great agitation, addressed the metaphysician—

"Mr. Subtile, you mean this non-existence of God only as a *personal attack on me*. To come out at this moment with such a demonstration! At this moment, when the ground is purchased for my universal church; my subscriptions rapidly filling, and my quarto, proving the existence of a God, on the eve of publication! Besides, gentlemen, Subtile violates the solemn compact into which we entered. When I proposed writing down all monarchy, Subtile informed me that he was employed on the same subject. Then, said I, to you I resign the affairs of the state, provided, in return, I have all those of the hierarchy. We shared like Abraham and Lot. If thou goest to the right, I will to the left. From that hour, I considered all ecclesiastical matters as much my own, as does the Archbishop of Canterbury. And just at the moment my book and my church are coming out, he publishes this demonstration. Observe how an envious philosopher can violate his promises!

"Socrates,

"Socrates, in his basket, suspended in the air for the benefit of undisturbed meditation, sat not more unmoved than Subtile in his chair. As if scarcely attending to the rage of Mr. Sympathy, he replied, with calm dignity—As for promises, they were made before I had written my chapter on them. I grieve to see a citizen preferring to the public illumination a paltry subscription for an universal religion.

"Dr. Bounce, hitherto silent, started up in an explosion of rage. Imagine to yourself the shape of Dr. Slop, the fat of parson Trulliber, put on an immoderate bushy wig, place a pair of spectacles on two ardent eyes, glowing like two of Argand's lamps through their clear glass; cheeks, full as those of Æolus, when he blows his last puff in a rage; a mannikin of about four feet in height, and two in breadth, twirling its square obesity, rather kicking than treading on the ground, bellowing like a young bull.—But, before we proceed, we have to observe, that Dr. Bounce was a friend to all religions but the established; because that was no establishment for him, being a placable Unitarian, without duplicity or servility. As for the professed atheist, he cared little, for he himself, had he met his Saviour in the street, would have pushed him from the wall; but the sudden reflection on the successful subscriptions of Sympathy, associating with the idea of the easy seats that his auditors always found whenever he preached in the Old Jewry, wound up his phlegm till the cord of patience snapped. "You are," said he, "a self-elected Archbishop, an atheist in the pulpit, a most damnably successful hypocrite!"—so saying, the orbicular doctor disappeared, rolling like a ball of living fire. Mr. Rant hastened to his tribune, to lecture on the seven Roman kings, whom it was little imagined, would have had to encounter such keen enmities among the apprentices and journeymen of the cities of London and Westminster. Lord Belfield retired, ill pleased with Subtile's chapter on property. And Mr. Dragon was not less displeased to see the assembly break up before he could exhibit two models of republican instruments; a walking-cane, in which nine daggers were so artificially fixed, that they could thrust in nine directions, and a fowling-piece containing nine barrels, which were managed by one trigger. It was in this manner he proposed arming every citizen; and enlightening a nation, by the flames of its metropolis!"

This

This well-known Cupid must be here introduced :

" O what a formal, feeble, frigid Cupid is our modern Deity of Love ! He has no quiver filled with thrilling darts, no unerring bow, none of the naked modesty of the child of beauty ; on he trudges with a black coat, with voluminous parchments, and the only language he whispers agreeable to a woman's ear, is jointure and settlement."

This picture of Solitude will adorn our Review :

" Solitude, which so frequently excites the querulousness of genius, is a severe mother who forms a lovely progeny ; what in the great world had only been a momentary amusement, there becomes a permanent occupation. Sweet is the uninterrupted industry of genius, magical its contracted day, and delicious that inebriation of taste which becomes an absorbing passion."

Our readers will be gratified with a discovery of these literary impostures, not unfrequent now-a-days :

" Several literary men of the day have sold their works by a mistake of the public concerning *names*. But I have some honesty, and more delicacy. I am a nameless writer, but my productions have names. My occupation is to adjust, to arrange, to rescind, and to ramify. Somebody brings me a solid glutinous drop, and my pen becomes diluent. I am furnished with the raw materials, and then I weave silk, cotton, or worsted, at the order of my employer. I lardoon meagerness. Sir, I am the writer (which you see is no synonyme of author) of a library. I have written Travels into Russia, Tours into Scotland, Embassies to China, an Earl's Philosophical Essays, a Baronet's Economical Researches, a Doctor's History, and a Counsellor's Reports. I am the venerable parent of a dozen as chopping literary boys as walk this town. You know this is an age of authors, and you perceive one of the reasons. 'Tis just my employers, whose heads may be as bald as Cæsar's, should wear their laurels or their literary false hair ; for as the epigram says, ' they swear it is their own hair ;'—and so it is, for I know where they bought it. You were surprised the other evening, that Sir Alexander appeared to forget in conversation the principles of his own book ; but I assure you, Sir Alexander never read his

own

own book. The origin of this occupation (not so singular as it seems) was owing to this circumstance: I was writer in a Review, and whenever I examined a work, composed by a *gentleman*, I made most alarming strictures on the necessity of a knowledge of philosophical grammar, which no *gentleman* can be supposed to know; and I recommended an application to some man of letters, who might be no gentleman, yet a philosophical grammarian. No one comprehended what I meant by the words philosophical grammar; but they were formidable, confusing, and alarming. Every month I repeated the urgent necessity of philosophical grammar; gentlemen were frightened, applied to the printer, who gave my address; and since that time I have been a philosophical grammarian, and having sufficient employment, not a word now appears concerning the necessity of philosophical grammar."

The following distinctions evince the hand of a master:

"National characters are opposite. To moral and not to physical causes, can be ascribed that hostility of opinions, which has, from age to age, removed, at so vast an interval, the genius of these neighbouring nations. The same winter and summer refrigerate and heat Paris and London, but not the same well-poised government, and the same domestic virtues. Taste is a criterion of national character. Voltaire never comprehended the genius of Shakespeare; Johnson never tasted the ingenuity of Voltaire. An English and French student peruse the same authors, but do not write the same sentiments. Even the severity of metaphysics in France has been rendered a vehicle of entertainment for women*; but when Subtile followed with measured steps the paths of

* Helvetius, the fashionable French metaphysician, is tolerably characterised by Whitehead, who wrote this at the time his works first appeared:

"Is't not enough Helvetius *schemes*
 "To elucidate your *waking dreams*?
 "Tho' each who on the doctrine doats,
 "Skips o'er the *text* to skim the *notes*."

GOAT'S BEARD.

these airy Gauls, he could not soften his austerity with their superficial gaiety. We cannot acquire the volatilized delicacy, the lighter graces, and the susceptible and feminine imagination of the French."

The figure of Vaurien is admirably drawn, though we cannot introduce him into this exhibition: in particular, his "Letter to Emily," which is the production of a nice observer and a just painter of the human character. Charles Hamilton is great; Emily delightful; and old Balfour—a fine spirit, unimpovertished by indigence. Mrs. Bully is a *true copy* of a fanaticism far from extinct: and Lord Belfield, Mr. Subtile, Mr. Reverberator, Mr. Rant, Dr. Bounce, and the Platonist, will not easily be mistaken.

We have before had occasion to observe, that a revolution has taken place in the sphere of literature entitled novel-writing. No longer content with the failings and the virtues of local life, our novelists aim at the subversion or support of political and religious tenets. "All natural effects," says the author of Vaurien, "are to be traced to natural causes;" and this change in existing novelists has plainly originated from the political fury of the times. Milder days may renew the milder features of novel-writing; but, till these arrive, it is surely one of the best employments of genius to counteract, through the medium of a novel, the poison which is turned into the same current. The present work is evidently the offspring of a man of genius and philosophy; and we are much mistaken, if we do not recognize in the author of "Vaurien," the late Editor of the English Review, and the present writer, in the Analytical Review, of "The Retrospect of the Active and Political World."

ART. VI. *Original Miscellaneous Poems: By Edward Atkins Harrop.* Sm. 8vo. 132 pages. 6s. boards. Dilly, 1796.

MR. Cumberland has, in his "Henry," an observation to this effect:—"That, conscious of their want in the *matter*, modern writers endeavour to atone for it in the *manner* of their publications." Mr. H. may profit himself by the apology.

ART. VII. *Edmund and Eleonora; or, Memoirs of the Houses of Summerfield and Gretton: A Novel, in two volumes. By the Rev. Edmund Marshal, A. M.* Price 10s. 6d. in boards. 8vo. Stockdale, 1797.

"LET not the reader," says Mr. M. "fastidiously disdain these little details—let him or her consider, that this work, whatever may be its fate, is not designed as a novel of romance; it is a mere domestic tale, containing Memoirs of the Houses of Summerfield and Gretton; whoever therefore expects, towards its close, any marvellous adventure, will be egregiously disappointed; its sole aim having been to record the virtues of two respectable families." To this extract, which forms a specimen of the style, and an analysis of the work, justice to the author, and usage on our part, induce us to subjoin a few remarks.

There is a gratification almost peculiar to this novel, when compared with others of the present day—an amiable and affecting simplicity: all is nature. The excellencies of its several personages are not stretched beyond the bounds of experience; and the reader's attention, though not transported with any unexpected discovery, is effectually and sweetly engaged. In his preface, Mr. Marshal has delivered a few hints in defence of novel-reading. The question—Whether the reading of novels hath benefited or injured society? is

one of those grand enquiries which we cannot here discuss. Thus much we will affirm—that were all novels such as the novel of “Edmund and Eleonora,” they would tend to advantage the morals and the happiness of our race.

ART. VIII. *Passages selected by distinguished Personages, on the Great Literary Trial of Vortigern and Rowena.* pp. 104. vol. 2. Second edition. Price 2s. 6d. Ridgeway.

WE take the liberty to advertise the reader, as we have never had an opportunity of reviewing it, that a first volume of this work, was published some months ago. On seeing its title, we concluded, as he may do now, that it was really extracted from Vortigern and Rowena; but a little search into its pages, soon unfolded our mistake: and a few samples of vol. 2, we doubt not, will be equally explicit to others.

Page 4. C——SS OF *****.

“Why was KARKMENA prodigalic stored
With all the wiles which wanton round her sexe,
But to displaie in peering womanhoode,
Supremacies fell power? Oh, mark ye well
Howe she dothe turne meeke Nature in her course;
Make diadems the royal temples chafe;
Tie with a busie hand the gordian knotte
Of others love, that she (of human woe,
Insatiate destinie) may cut in twaine
The filken ligatures of mortal blisse!
Her features with her voice are well attuned,
True to the varyinge mischiefes of her minde!
Like the first polish’d *serpente*, that seduced
The easie faith of ADAM’S wedded love;
A more than angel’s form she can assume,
And wooe in seraph strains the creature doom’d
To drinke the dulcet poison of her tongue,
And fall her ’guiled sacrifice!”

Page 187.—GENUINE.

Page

Page 17. BISHOP OF R———R.

—“ I mette the prattling ABBOTTE of *Glasfenburie*, just as he had gotten the thoine i' the fleshe by meddling more busilie with the *lawe* than the *gospelle*! and though a preacher of *obedience passive* in other men, he bore the smart of his own sufferings after the manner of the priesthood—intolerantlie! He was clothed in *lambe-skin* throughout, signifying I wotte, that he should become *belle-wether* to the reverend flocke.—Journeing a little onward, I espied me the counterfeit resemblance of his worshippe, *fagotted* at the public Market Crosse, in full *pontificabilus*!—Marrie, quoth I, my neighbours, but this looketh like a burninge shame, to make ye of such *combustible* HOLINESS, a lighte to lighten the Gentiles!”

Page 331.—GENUINE.

From these examples, let it not be concluded that this SHAKESPERIAN is always *severe*. The following, among much well-merited eulogium, to be admired in these pages, is an excellent tribute to the memory of a *truly* great man,

MR. WH-TB——D, SEN.

—“ This is he, who dothe an oylie beverage compounde, to cheere the honest vassalles of our isle! Of liquor stoute he hoopes ye countlesse caskes; though he makes no *if*, nor *butte*, in which to bung up his benevolence. He hathe a harte so faire abroache to silent charitie, that never can it reache the lees;—nay, looke at his verie beafts of burden? do they not shine out the kindlie semblance of their master's face upon the polished surface of their well-fed skinnes?”

Page 25.—GENUINE.

Whether this poet's spirit “ mounteth only with the occasion,” and having plumed his best birds, he is now less enticing than formerly; we entertain such a lively remembrance of his *first* exhibition, that, when he tells us—“ It is *ordered*, that the VERDICT” (alluding to the public *condemnation* of IRELAND'S MSS.) “ be not received on *this* important cause until

A a 3

“ the

“ the whole SUFFRAGES, already tendered, or intended to be tendered in the said cause, be duly received, and solemnly recorded.” We would counsel him to *set aside* the judgment of the COURT.

ART. IX. *Sheridan's and Henderson's Practical Method of Reading and Reciting English Poetry, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. And dedicated to Morris Robinson, Esq.* pp. 264. 3s. 6d. bound. Newberry, 1796.

THERE is nothing to be learnt from this book, that a reader of feeling will ever want, if he is taught by *nature*. Not that we are surprised at the appearance of these *directions*. We are rather astonished that, in this book-making day, the market has not been deluged with similar commodities. Some “ Rules for Laughing and Crying,” two qualities not properly explained; we trust, *for the benefit of youth*, will shortly regulate those propensities.

ART X. *Poems by William Mason, M. A.* Vol. 3. Now First Published. 8vo. pp. 316. boards. Robson, 1797.

THE celebrity and the age of Mr. Mason, render his opinions more than commonly interesting. And in none, more than the following instance, are those qualities more predominant.

ODE X*. PALINODIA.

I. 1.

“ SAY, did I err, chaste Liberty!
When warm with youthful fire,
I gave the vernal fruits to thee
That ripen'd on my Lyre?

* Written in March, 1794, and now first printed.

When,

When, round thy twin-born Sisters * shrine,
 I taught the flowers of Verse to twine
 And blend in one their fresh perfume;
 Forbade them, vagrant and disjoin'd,
 To give to ev'ry wanton wind
 Their fragrance and their bloom?

I. 2.

Or did I err, when, free to chuse
 Mid fabling Fancy's themes,
 I led my voluntary Muse
 To groves and haunted streams;
 Disdain'd to take that gainful road,
 Which many a courtly Bard had trod,
 And aim'd but at self-planted bays?
 I swept my Lyre, enough for me,
 If what that Lyre might warble free
 My free-born friends might praise.

I. 3.

And art thou mute? or does the Fiend that rides
 Yon sulphurous Tube, by Tigers drawn,
 Where seas of blood roll their increasing tides
 Beneath his wheels while myriads groan,
 Does he with voice of thunder make reply—
 'I am the genius of stern Liberty,
 'Adore me as thy genuine choice;
 'Know, where I hang with wreaths my sacred tree,
 'Power undivided, just Equality,
 'Are born at my creative voice?'

II. 1.

Avaunt, abhorr'd Democracy!
 O for Ithuriel's spear!
 To shew to Party's jaundic'd eye
 The Fiend she most should fear;
 To turn her from th' infernal fight
 To where, array'd in robes of light,

* Independency, see Ode, vol. 1, p. 29.

True Liberty on Seraph wing
Descends to shed that blessing rare,
Of equal rights an equal share,
To People, Peers, and King*.

II. 2.

To Her alone I rais'd my strain,
On her centennial day,
Fearless that age should chill the vein
She nourish'd with her ray.
And what, if glowing at the theme,
Humanity in vivid dream,
Gave to my mind impatient Gaul
(Ah! flattering dream, dismiss'd by Fate
Too quickly thro' the ivory gate)
Freed from despotic thrall?

II. 3.

When Ruin, heaving his gigantic mace,
(Call'd to the deed by Reason's voice,)
Crush'd, proud Bastile! thy turrets to their base,
Was it nor virtue to rejoice?
That power alone, whose all combining eye
Beholds, what he ordains, Futurity?
Could that tremendous truth reveal,
That, ere six Suns had round the Zodiac roll'd
Their beams, astonished Europe should behold
All Gallia one immense Bastile†?

III. 1.

Is it not virtue to repine
When thus transform'd the scene?
'Ah! no,' replied, in strain divine,
The heav'n-descending Queen.
And, as she sung, she shot a ray,
Mild as the orient dawn of May,

* See the English Garden, Book 4, v. 685, &c.

† There were in the prisons of Paris alone, when this was written, above 6000 prisoners.

Enlight'ning while it calm'd my brain—
 ' Now purg'd, my Son! from error, own
 ' My blessings ne'er were meant to crown
 ' The vicious, or the vain.

III. 2.

' Tis only those, of purer clay*
 ' From sensual dross refin'd,
 ' In whom the passions picas'd obey
 ' The God within the mind †,
 ' Who share my delegated aid,
 ' Thro' Wisdom's golden mean convey'd
 ' From the first source of Sov'reign Good:
 ' All else to horrid licence tends,
 ' Springs from vindictive pride, and ends
 ' In anarchy and blood.

III. 3.

' Had France possess'd a sober patriot band,
 ' True to their own, and nation's weal,
 ' Such as fair ALBION blest thy favor'd land,
 ' When NASSAU came thy rights to seal;
 ' She might—but why compare such wide extremes,
 ' Why seek for Reason in delirious dreams?
 ' Rather consign to exile and to shame
 ' Her coward Princes, her luxurious Peers,
 ' Who fed the hell-born Hydra with their fears,
 ' That now usurps my hallow'd name.'

* Cui meliore Luto finxit præcordia Titan. So MILTON in his 12th Sonnet, speaking of Liberty, says, ' But who loves that, must first be wise and good.'

† Mr. Pope uses this Platonic phrase for conscience.—See Essay on Man, Ep. 2, p. 204, with Warburton's note upon it, where the learned Critic says justly that it admits a double meaning.—It is in its latter Practical, or rather Christian sense, that I here employ it, to convey the important truth delivered by St. Paul, ' where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.'

The ensuing Sonnets, appear to us, the best in this collection.

SONNET VI.

FEBRUARY 23, 1795.—ANNIVERSARY.

" A plaintive Sonnet flow'd from Milton's pen,
When Time had stol'n his three and twentieth year* :
Say, shall not I then shed one tuneful tear,
Robb'd by the thief of threescore years and ten?
No! for the foes of all life-lengthen'd men,
Trouble and toil †, approach not yet too near;
Reason, meanwhile, and health, and memory dear,
Hold unimpair'd their weak, yet wonted reign—
Still round my shelter'd lawn I pleas'd can stray;
Still trace my sylvan blessings to their spring—
Being of Beings! Yes, that silent lay,
Which musing Gratitude delights to sing,
Still to thy sapphire throne shall Faith convey,
And Hope, the Cherub of unwearied wing."

SONNET VII.

FEBRUARY 23, 1796.—ANNIVERSARY.

" In the long course of seventy years and one,
Oft have I known on this, my natal day,
Hoar frost and sweeping snow prolong their sway,
The wild winds whistle, and the forests groan;
But now Spring's smile has veil'd stern Winter's frown,
And now the birds on ev'ry budding spray
Chaunt orisons, as to the morn of May:
With them all fear of Season's change is flown;
Like them I sing, yet not, like them beguil'd,
Expect the vernal bloom of youth to know:
But, tho' such hope be from my breast exil'd,
I feel warm Piety's superior glow,
And as my winter, like the year's, is mild,
Give praise to Him, from whom all mercies flow."

* Alluding to the 7th Sonnet of Milton, beginning,
' How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth, &c.'

† See Psalm xc. ver. 10.

From

From "The Birth of Fashion: an Epistolary Tale, written in the Year, 1746," take a specimen of our author's gaiety.

"France is her (*Fashion*) Citadel, and there
 The Goddess keeps her Arms and Car*.
 And thence she sends her vice-roy apes
 To form our uncouth English shapes.
 Here Pegasus might run his race
 O'er Mecklin, and o'er Bruffels Lace:
 Here might he take Pindaric bounces
 O'er floods of Furbelows and Flounces;
 Gallop on Luteftring plains, invade
 The thick-wove groves of rich Brocade,
 And leap o'er Whale-bone's stiff barrier†.
 —But here I bridle his career,
 And sagely think it more expedient
 To sign myself your most obedient."

There is a smatter of roguishness in this "Epistle:"—but it was born above 50 years ago.

These lines—from an "Address to the Author's Father," are among the most affecting in this volume."

"Permit me then, my Sire, awhile to view,
 Thro' that clear perspective, her motley crew;
 Nor fear thy son, by Fashion's frippery smit,
 Should shun the Christian and pursue the Wit:
 But fated quite, relinquishing with joy
 Those vain delights, that soon as tasted cloy;
 Each passion cool'd, that boils the tide of youth,
 Each error purg'd, that dims the sight of truth,
 O! may no wish for more his bosom own,
 But all his manners speak him all thy son.

"For, know, each academic duty paid,
 Soon will he haste to his paternal shade;

* Here the boy pedant comes again from his Virgil with

— Hic illius arma,

Hic Currus fuit.

Æn. l. i. v. 20.

† Whale-bone and Brocade, equally exploded articles.

There

There, fraught (great task) with Reason's nerve to tame
 That hydra of the soul, the thirst of fame;
 His youthful breast, by years mature refin'd,
 May shine the mirror of thy blameless mind,
 And, free from public as domestic strife,
 Slide thro' the tranquil stream of private life;
 Yet, still alive to ev'ry social call,
 Glow with that charity, which feels for all."

Here we must take leave of our author, for the present month.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ART. XI. *Agrarian Justice, being a plan for ameliorating the Condition of Man, &c.* By Thomas Paine, Author of *Common Sense*, &c. &c. Paris: W. Ablard, Rue Menilmoutant. London: Parsons, 1797. pp. 38. price 1s.

WITHOUT discussing the former merits of Mr. Paine, it is evident, that his sole aim in the present instance, tends to the melioration of "The Condition of Man." He has observed, with much sorrow, the poverties and wants of the greater part of mankind, and he here proposes a plan which, if properly effected, might alleviate the distresses which he enumerates. This plan, though given with a more especial reference to France, appears to merit the investigation of every intelligent statesman: with all our asylums for poverty, the poor unprotected, are numerous and afflicting; while there can be little doubt, were their situation more universally attended to, that prosperity, individual and national, would rest on a less mutable basis.